

(*) A portion of the length of the fly, are marked with white, those lines which were omitted in the adding, by

The Actors Names.

Men.

<i>Ferdinand</i> , Duke of <i>Calabria</i> ,	<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Cardinal</i> , his Brother.	<i>Mr. Keen.</i>
<i>Antonio</i> , Steward of the Household to	{ <i>Mr. Booth.</i>
the Dutchess,	
<i>Delio</i> , his Friend,	<i>Mr. Corey.</i>
<i>Bosola</i> , Gentleman of the Horse to the	{ <i>Mr. Mills.</i>
Dutchess,	
<i>Castruchio</i> , an old Lord,	
Marquess of <i>Pessara</i> ,	<i>Mr. Fairbank.</i>
Count <i>Malateste</i> ,	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
Lord <i>Roderigo</i> ,	<i>Mr. Kent.</i>
Lord <i>Grisolan</i> ,	
Doct ^r to the Duke in his Madness,	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
or Astrologer,	<i>Mr. Trout.</i>
{ <i>Taylor,</i>	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i>
Mad { <i>Parson,</i>	
Doctor,	

Women.

<i>Dutchess of Malfy</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Cariola</i> , her Woman,	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
<i>Julia</i> , <i>Castruchio's</i> Wife, and the Car-	{ <i>Mrs. Bradsham.</i>
dinal's Mrs.	

Scene ITALY.

Note, Those Lines which were omitted in the Acting, by reason of the Length of the Play, are marked with ("")

THE
Unfortunate Dutcheß of Malfy,
OR, THE
Unnatural Brothers :
A
TRAGEDY.

Now Acted at the QUEEN's Theatre
in the *Hay-market,*

By Her Majesties Company of

COMEDIANS.

Written by Mr. WEBSTER.

LONDON:

Printed for H. N. and are to be Sold by John Morphew, near
Stationers-hall. 1708.

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LONDON:

Printed for A. Millar and are to be sold by J. & W. Smith, near
St. James's Church, 1733.

The most Noble Prince

H E N R Y,
Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and
Earl of Worcester, Baron Her-
bert, Lord of Ragland, Chep-
stow, and Gower.

May it please Your Grace,

T **HAT** *Illustrious Character and Ex-*
alted Dignity, which your Grace de-
servedly possesses, is not owing to the
Mushroom Merit of one single Action, or the
Effect of an hasty Production; such as generally are
attended

Dedication.

attended with as sudden Obscurity, and soon lie buried in the Grave of Oblivion.

Your most noble Ancestors have been celebrated more for their Eximious Virtues and Noble Endowments of Mind, than their high Titles. It would employ the pains of a most indefatigable and ingenious Historian, and one who hath made a profound Penetration into the Knowledge of former Ages, to write the Memoirs of you Antient as well as Noble Family; and to exhibit to the World by what glorious Steps they meritoriously acquired, what you now enjoy by a double Title, as Heir both to their Honour and Virtues.

It would swell Volumes to particularize their Constant, Inviolable, and Distinguish'd Loyalty and Courage shewn for the Defence of their Prince and Country; their Generous, Free, and Graceful Deportment to Persons of Note and Distinction; and their Hospitality, and universally Extensive Tendernefs and Charity to such of an inferior Rank who fell under their Cognizance. They were always the Patrons of, and a sure Refuge for the Injured and Oppressed, and never refused

to

Dedication.

to vindicate and assert a just Cause, tho' labouring under the greatest Disadvantages, esteeming that more than the Dignity of the Person, or the Power of the Oppressor.

Upon these Considerations, the poor Distressed and Unfortunate Dutchess of Malfy presumes to approach you, and throw her self at your Feet, not doubting in the least of Protection, how numerous and potent soever her Enemies may be.

Your Grace is not to be moved with gingling Fargon and nauseous (tho' smooth) Bombast; but penetrates thro' the tawdry outside of a few sonorous Expressions, to true solid and improving Sense, and thereby enjoys far more noble Entertainments than those, whose Thoughts are only confined to, and employed in, observing Smoak and Shadows, are susceptible of.

It were therefore egregiously to affront a Person of your Character, in the least to imagine, that because she that at present attempts to kiss your Grace's Hand, is not adorned with the advan-

tage

Dedication

tage of a Modern Dress, that therefore her true internal Beauty will not be discerned by, and acceptable to you: No, my noble Lord, your Doors were never shut against true Wit and Sense, but there they ever met with a Generous and Candid Reception.

That your Grace may long live the Darling of the Muses, as you are their most Noble and Generous Mecænas, and may your Posterity hereafter inherit your great Qualities for the future Benefit of Mankind, as you in a most ample manner have done those of your Predecessors, is the Humble and Hearty Prayer of,

Your Grace's most

Devoted and most Obedient

Humble Servant

Hugh Newman.

THE

Dutcheſs of Malfy.

ACTUS I SCENA I.

Enter *Antonio*, and *Delio*:

Delio. **Y**O U are welcome to your Country, dear *Antonio*,
You have been long in *France*, and you return
A very formal *Frenchman* in your Habit.
How do you like the *French Court* ?

Ant. I admire it,
In ſeeking to reduce both State and People
To a fixt Order, their judicious King
Begins at home ; quits firſt his Royal Palace
Of flattering Sycophants, of diſſolute
And infamous Perſons ;
Conſidering duly, that a Prince's Court
Is like a common Fountain, whence ſhould flow
Pure Silver Drops in general. Here comes *Bofola*,
The only Court-Gall ; yet I obſerve his Railing
Is not for ſimple Love of Piety :
Indeed he rails at thoſe things which he wants.
Would be as Amorous, Covetous, or Proud,
Bloody or Envious as any Man,
If he had Power to be ſo. Here's the Cardinal.

Enter *Bofola*, Cardinal.

Bof. I haunt you ſtill.

Card. So.

Bof. I have done you better Service

B

Than

Than to be slighted thus.

Miserable Age! where only the Reward
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

Car. You enforce your Merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the Gallies in your Service,
Where, for two years together, I wore two Towels instead of
A Shirt, with a Knot on my Shoulder, after the Fashion of a
Roman Mantle. Slighted thus, I will thrive some way :
Blackbirds fatten best in hard Weather ; why not I
In these Dog-days ?

Car. Would you cou'd become Honest.

Bos. With all your Divinity do but direct me the way to it.
I have known many travel far for it, and yet return
As arrant Knaves as they went forth, because they carry'd
Themselves always along with them. Are you gone ? [*Exit Car.*
Some Fellows, they say, are possess'd with the Devil :
But this great Fellow is able to possess the greatest
Devil, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some Suit ?

Bos. He and his Brother are like Plumb-trees, that grow crooked
Over standing Pools, they are rich and over-laden with
Fruit, but none but Crows, Pyes, and Caterpillars feed
On them ; Could I be one of their flattering Pandars, I
Would hang on their Ears like a Horfeleech, till I were full, and
Then drop off.

Who wou'd rely upon these miserable Dependences, in expectati-
on to be advanc'd to morrow ? what Creature ever fed worse, than ho-
ping *Tantalus* ? Nor ever died any Man more fearfully, than he that
hop'd for a Pardon ? There are Rewards for Hawks and Dogs when
they have done us Service ; but for a Soldier that hazards his Limbs
in a Battel, nothing but a kind of Geometry is his last Supporta-
tion.

Del. Geometry ?

Bos. I, to hang in a fair pair of Slings, take his latter swinge in
the World upon an honourable pair of Crutches, from Hospital to
Hospital. Fare ye well Sir. And yet do not you scorn us, for Places
in the Court are but like Beds in the Hospital, where this Man's Head
lies at that Mans Foot, and so lower and lower. [*Exit.*

Del. I knew this Fellow, seven Years, in the Gallies,
For a notorious Murtherer, and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborn'd it : he was releas'd

By

By the French General, *Gaſton de Foix.*

When he recover'd *Naples.*

Ant. 'Tis great pity he ſhould be thus neglected; I have heard
He's very valiant: This foul Melancholy
Will poiſon all his Goodneſs, " for, I'll tell you,

" If too immoderate Sleep be truly ſaid "

" To be an inward Ruſt unto the Soul,

" It then doth follow, want of Action

" Breeds all black Malecontents, and their cloſe rearing,

" Like Moths in Cloth, do hurt for want of wearing. [Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Enter *Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Caſtruccio, Sylvio.*

Del. The Preſence 'gins to fill; you promis'd me
To make me Partaker of the Natures
Of ſome of our great Courtiers.

Ant. The Lords Cardinals,
And other Strangers that are now in Court?

I ſhall: Here comes the great *Calabrian Duke.*

Ferd. Who took the Ring ofſtneſt?

Syl. *Antonio, Bologna, my Lord.*

Ferd. Our Siſter Dutcheſs's great Maſter of her Houſhold.
Give him the Jewel. When ſhall we leave this Sportive Action,
And fall to Action indeed?

" *Caſt.* Methinks, my Lord,

" You ſhould not deſire to go to War in Perſon.

" *Fer.* Now for ſome Gravity. Why, my Lord?

" *Caſt.* It is fitting a Soldier riſe to be a Prince, but not neceſſary
" a Prince deſcend to be a Captain.

" *Ferd.* No?

" *Caſt.* No, my Lord;

" He were far better do it by a Deputy.

" *Ferd.* Why ſhould he not as well Sleep, or Eat by a Deputy?

" This might take idle, offensive, and baſe Offices from him,

" Whereas the other deprives him of Honour.

" *Caſt.* Believe my Experience, that Realm is never long quiet,
" Whoſe Ruler is a Soldier. *Ferd.* Thou told'ſt me

" Thy Wife cou'd not endure fighting?

The Dutcheſs of M A L F Y.

- " *Caſt.* True, my Lord.
" *Ferd.* And of a Jeſt ſhe broke of a Captain,
" She met full of Wounds; I have forget it.
" *Caſt.* She told him, my Lord; he was a pitiful Fellow, to lie
" Like the Children of *Iſmael* all in Tents.
" *Ferd.* Why, there's a Wit were able to undo
" All the Surgeons o'th City; for although
" Sparks ſhould quarrel, and had drawn their Weapons,
" And were ready to go to it; yet her Perſuaſions wou'd
" Make them put up. *Caſt.* That ſhe wou'd, my Lord.
" How do you like my *Spaniſh* Genner?
" *Rod.* He is all fire.
" *Ferd.* I am of *Pliny's* Opinion, I think he was begot by the Wind,
" He runs as if he were ballaſt'd with Quick-ſilver.
" *Syl.* True (my Lord) he reels from the Tilt often.
" *Rod. Griſ.* Ha, ha, ha.
" *Ferd.* Why do you laugh? Methinks you that are Courtiers
" Sou'd be my Touch-wood, take Fire when I give Fire; that is,
" Not laugh but when I laugh, were the Subject never ſo Witty.
" *Caſt.* True my Lord, I my ſelf have heard a very good Jeſt,
" And have ſcorn'd to ſeem to have ſo ſilly a Wit, as to underſtand it.
" *Ferd.* But I can laugh at your Fool, my Lord.
" *Caſt.* He cannot ſpeak, you know, but he makes Faces,
" My Lady cannot abide him. *Ferd.* No?
" *Caſt.* Nor endure to be in merry Company: for ſhe ſays
" Too much Laughing, and too much Company, fills her
" Too full of VVrinkles.
" *Ferd.* I wou'd then have a Mathematical Inſtrument made for
" Her Face, that ſhe might not laugh out of Compaſs. I ſhall
" Shortly viſit you at *Milan*, Lord *Sylvio*.
" *Syl.* You Grace ſhall arrive moſt welcome.
" *Ferd.* You are a good Horſeman, *Antonio*, you have excellent
" Riders in *France*, what do you think of good Horſe-man-ſhip?
" *Ant.* Nobly, my Lord; as out of the *Grecian* Horſe iſſued
" Many famous Princes; ſo out of brave Horſe-man-ſhip,
" Ariſe the firſt Sparks of growing Reſolution, that raiſe
" The Mind to noble Action.
" *Ferd.* You have beſpoke it worthily.
" *Syl.* Your Brother, the Lord Cardinal, and Siſter Dutcheſs.

Enter

The Dutcheſs of M A L F Y.

Enter Cardinal, Dutcheſs, Griſola, Carioia, and Boſola.

Card. Are the Gallies come about ?

Griſ. They are, my Lord.

Del. Now Sir, your Promiſe : what's that Cardinal ?

I mean his Temper ? they ſay he's a brave Fellow,
Will play his five thouſand Crowns at Tennis, Dance,
Court Ladies ; one that hath fought ſingle Combats.

Ant. Some ſuch Flaſhes ſuperficially hang on him, for Form ;
But obſerve his inward Character, He is a melancholy
Church-man. The Spring in his Face, is nothing but the
Ingendring of Toads. Where he is jealous of any Man,
He lays worſe Plots for them, than ever was impoſed on
Hercules : " For he ſtrews in his way Flatterers, Bauds,
" Informers, Atheiſts, and a thouſand ſuch political
" Monſters. " He ſhould have been Pope ; but inſtead of
Coming to it by the primitive Decency of the Church,
He did beſtow Bribes ſo largely, and ſo impudently, as if he would
have carried it away without Heaven's Knowledge. Some good he
hath done.

Del. You have given too much of him ; what's his Brother ?

Ant. The Duke there ? Of a moſt perverſe, and turbulent Nature ;
What appears in him Mirth, is merely Outſide ;
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All Honesty out of Faſhion.

Del. Twins.

Ant. In quality :

He ſpeaks with other's Tongues, and hears Mens Suits
With other's Ears :

Dooms Men to Death, by Information : Rewards by hear-ſay.

For his Brother, there, the Cardinal ;

They that flatter him moſt, ſay Oracles

Hang at his Lips ; and verily I believe them ;

For the Devil ſpeaks in them.

But for their Siſter, the moſt noble Dutcheſs,

You never fix'd your Eye on three fair Medals

Caſt in one Figure of ſo different a Temper :

For her Diſcourſe, it is ſo full of Rapture,

You only will then begin to be ſorry

When ſhe ends her Speech. Whiſt ſhe ſpeaks,

She throws upon one ſo ſweet a Lock,

That it were able to raiſe even a Galliard

That

That lay in a dead Palsey ; and to dote
 On that sweet Countenance: But in that Look
 There speaks so Divine a Continnence,
 As cuts off all lascivious and vain Hope.
 Her Days are practis'd in such noble Virtue,
 That sure her Nights, nay more, her very Sleeps,
 Are more in Heaven, than other Ladies Shifts.
 Let all sweet Ladies, break their flattering Glasses,
 And dress themselves in her. *Del. Fye Antonio,*
 You play the Wire drawer with her Commendations.

Ant. I'll case the Picture up : only thus much,
 All her particular Worth, grows to this Sum :
 She stains the time past , lights the time to come.

Cariola. You must attend my Lady in the Gallery
 Some half an hour hence. *Ant.* I shall. [*Ex. Ant. Delio.*]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you : *Dutch.* To me, Sir?

Ferd. A Gentleman here, *Daniel de Bosola*,
 One that was in the Gallies. *Dutch.* Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy Fellow h'is : pray let me entreat for
 The Mastership of your Horse.

Duch. Your Knowledg of him
 Commends him and prefers him. *Ferd.* Call him hither.
 We are now upon parting : Good Lord *Sylvio*
 Commend us to all our noble Friends
 At the Camp. *Syl.* Sir I shall.

Ferd. You are for *Milan*? *Syl.* I am.

Dutch. Bring the Coaches : we'll bring you down to the Haven.

Car. to Ferd. Be sure you entertain that *Bosola*
 For your intelligence; I would not be seen in't.
 And therefore many times have slighted him,
 When he did court our furtherance; as this Morning.

Ferd. *Antonio*, the great Master of her Household,
 Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceiv'd in him,
 His Nature is too honest for such business,
 He comes : I'll leave you. *Bos.* I was lur'd to you.

Ferd. My Brother, here, the Cardinal, could never
 abide you. *Bos.* Never since he was in my Debt.

Ferd. May be some oblique Character in your Face,
 Made him suspect you?

Bos. Doth he ſtudy Phiſignomy?

There's no more Credit to be given to th' Face,
Than to a ſick Man's Urine, which ſome call
The Phyſicians Whore, becauſe it cozens him ;
He did ſuſpect me wrongfully. *Ferd.* For that
You muſt give great Men leave to take their times:
Diſturſt doth cauſe us ſeldom be deceiv'd ;
You ſee, the oft ſhaking of the Cedar-Tree
Faſtens it more at root. *Bos.* Yet take heed :
For to ſuſpect a Friend unworthily,
Inſtructs him the next way to ſuſpect you.
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's Gold. *Bos.* So.

What follows? Never rain'd ſuch Showers as theſe
Without Thunderbolts i'th tail of 'em; whoſe throat muſt I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to ſhed Blood, rides poſt
Before my occaſion to uſe you. I give you that
To live i'th Court here, and obſerve the Dutcheſs;
To note all the particulars of her Behaviour;
What Suitors do ſolicite her for Marriage,
And whom ſhe beſt affects: ſhe's a young Widow,
I would not have her Marry again. *Bos.* No Sir?

Ferd. Do not you aſk the reaſon: but be ſatisfied,
I ſay I would not.

Bos. It ſeems you would create me
One of your Familiars. *Ferd.* Familiar, what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint inviſible Devil in fleſh:
An Informer,

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wiſh thee; and e're long, thou may'ſt arrive
At a higher place by't. *Bos.* Take your Devils
Which Hell calls Angels: theſe curs'd Gifts would make
You a Corrupter, Me an impudent Traitor;
And ſhould I take theſe, they'd take me to Hell.

Fer. Sir, I'll take nothing from you, that I have given.
There is a Place that I procur'd for you
This morning; the Maſterſhip o'th Horſe,
Have you heard on't? *Bos.* No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours, iſ't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curſe your ſelf now, that your Bounty,
Which

Which makes Men truly noble, ere ſhould make
 Me a Villain ; Oh ! that to avoid Ingratitude
 For the good deed you have done me, I muſt do
 All the ill, Man can invent. Thus the Devil
 Candies all Sins ore : and what Heaven terms vile,
 That names he complemental. *Fer.* Be your ſelf :
 Keep your old garb of Melancholy ?

Bof. Let good Men, for good Deeds, covet good Fame,
 Since Place and Riches, oft are bribes of ſhame.
 Sometimes the Devil preaches. *[Exit Boſola]*

Card. We are to part from you : and your own Diſcretion
 Muſt now be your Director.

Ferd. You are a Widow ;
 You know already what Man is ; and therefore
 Let not Youth, high Promotion, Eloquence. —

Card. No, nor any thing, without the Addition, *Honour*,
 Sway your high Blood.

Ferd. Marry ! they are moſt Luxurious,
 Will wed twice. *Card.* O fie !

Dutch. Diamonds are of moſt value
 They ſay, that have paſt through moſt Jewellers hands :

Ferd. Whores by that rule are Precious.

Duch. Will you hear me ?
 I'll never Marry. *Car.* So moſt Widows ſay ;
 But commonly that motion laſts no longer
 Than the turning of an hour-glaſs ; the Funeral Sermon
 And it, end both together. *Ferd.* Now hear me :
 You live in a rank Paſture here, i'th Court ;
 There is a kind of Honey-dew, that's deadly,
 'Twill poyſon your Fame ; look to't, be not cunning :
 For they whoſe Faces do belye their Heart,
 Are Witches e're they arrive are twenty years,
 I, and give the Devil ſuck.

Duch. This is terrible good Counſel.

Ferd. Hypocriſie is woven in a fine ſmall thread,
 Subtiler than *Vulcans* Engine : yet, believ't,
 Your darkeſt Actions, nay your privat'ſt thoughts
 Will come to light,

Card. You may flatter your ſelf,
 And take your own choice ; privately be marry'd,

Under the Eves of Night.

Ferd. Think't the beſt Voyage
That are you made; like the irregular Crab,
Which though't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,
Becauſe it goes its own way: but obſerve,
Such Weddings may more properly be ſaid
To be Executed, than Celebrated.

Card. The Marriage-night
Is the Entrance into ſome Priſon.

Ferd. And thoſe Joys,
Thoſe Luſtful Pleaſures, are like heavy Sleeps
Which do fore-run Mans miſchief.

Card. Fare you well.
Wiſdom begins at the end: remember it.

Exit

Dutch. I think this Speech between you both was ſtudied,
It came ſo roundly off.

Ferd. You are my Siſter,
This was my Father's Poniard: do you ſee.

I'd be loath to ſee it look ruſty, 'cauſe 'twas his.
I would have you give o'er theſe chargeable Revels;

A Vizer, and a Maſque are whiſpering Rooms

That were never built for Goodneſs; fare ye well:

" And beware of that part, which, like the Lamprey,

" Hath nev'r a bone in't. *Dutch.* Fy Sir. *Ferd.* Nay,

" I mean the Tongue: Variety of Courtſhip.

" What cannot a neat Knave with a ſmooth Tale,

" Make a Woman believe? farewel luſty Widow.

[Exit]

Dutch. Shall this move me? if all my Royal Kindred
Lay in my way to this Marriage;

I'd make them my low Foot-ſteps: and even now,

Even in this heat, as Men in ſome great Battels,

By apprehending Danger, have atchiev'd

Almoſt impoſſible Actions, I have heard Soldiers ſay ſo;

So I through Frights, and Threatnings, will aſſay

This dangerous Venture: Let old Wives report

I wink'd, and choſe a Husband. *Cariola,*

To thy known Secrecy, I have given up

More than my Life, my Fame.

Cariola. Both ſhall be ſafe;

For I'll conceal this Secret from the World.

As warily as thoſe that Trade in Poyſon,

Keep Poyſon from their Children.

Dutch. Thy proteſtation
Is ingenuous and hearty ; I believe it.
Is *Antonio* come ? *Cariola.* He attends you.

Dutch. Good dear Soul.
Leave me : but place thy ſelf behind the Arras, [Exit. Car.]
Where thou may ſt over hear us : Wiſh me good ſpeed, [Enter Ant.]
For I am going into a Wilderneſs,
Where I ſhall find no Path, nor friendly Clew
To be my Guide. I ſent for you, Sit down :
Take Pen and Ink, and write : are you ready ?

Ant. Yes : *Dutch.* VVhat did I ſay

Ant. That I ſhould write ſomewhat.

Dutch. Oh, I remember :
After this Triumph, and this large Expenſe,
It's fit, like thrifty Huſbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow

Ant. So pleaſe your Beauteous Excellence, (ſake.

Dutch. Beauteous ? Indeed I thank you ; I look young for your
You have ta'ne my Cares upon you,

Ant. I'll fetch your Grace the
Particulars of your Revenue and Expenſe.

Dutch. Oh ! you are an upright Treafurer : But you miſtook,
For when I ſaid I meant to make Enquiry
VVhat's laid up for to morrow : I did mean
VVhat's laid up yonder for me

Ant. VVhere ? *Dutch.* In Heaven.

I am making my VVill, as 'tis fit Princes ſhould
In perfect memory, and I pray Sir, tell me
Were not one better to make it ſmiling, thus,
Than in deep Groans, and terrible ghafly Looks,
As if the Gifts we parted with, procur'd
That violent Diſtraction ? *Ant.* Oh, much better.

Dutch. If I had a Huſband now, this Care were quit :
But I intend to make you Over-ſeer.
VVhat good deed ſhall we firſt remember ? ſay.

Ant. Begin with that good deed that firſt began i'th world,
After Man's creation, the Sacrament of Marriage,
I'd have you provide for a good Huſband,
Give all. *Dutch.* All :

Ant.

Ant. Yes, your excellent ſelf.

Dutch. In a winding ſheet? *Ant.* In a couple.

Dutch. St. Winſrid, that were a ſtrange VVill!

Ant. 'Twere ſtrange if there were no Will in you
To marry again.

Dutch. VVhat do you think of Marriage?

Ant. I take it as thoſe that deny Purgatory.
It locally contains, or Heaven, or Hell,
There's no third Place in't?

Dutch. How do you affect it?

Ant. My Banishment, feeding my Melancholy,
VVould often reaſon thus.

Dutch. Pray let's hear it.

Ant. Say a Man never Marry, nor have Children.
What takes that from him? only the bare Name
Of being a Father, or the weak Delight
To ſee the little Wantons ride a cock-horſe
Upon a painted ſtick, or hear 'em chatter
Like a taught Starling.

Dutch. Fy, fy, what's all this?
One of your Eyes is blood-hot, uſe my Ring to't,
They ſay 'tis very Soveraiga. 'Twas my Wedding Ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my ſecond Husband.

Ant. You have parted it with him now,

Dutch. Yes, to help your Eye-ſight.

Ant. You have made me ſtark blind.

Dutch. How?

Ant. There is a ſawcy and ambitious Devil,
Dancing in this Circle.

Dutch. Remove him. *Ant.* How?

Dutch. There needs ſmall Conjuratiſon, when your Finger
May do it: thus, is it fit? [He kneels.]

Ant. What ſaid you? *Dutch.* Sir.

This goodly Rroof of yours, is too low built,
I cannot ſtand upright in't, nor diſcourſe,
VVithout I raiſe it higher. Raiſe your ſelf,
Or if you pleaſe, my hand to help you: ſo.

Ant. Ambition, Madam, is a Great Man's Madneſs;
That is not kept in Chains, and cloſe-pent Rooms,
But in fair lightſom Lodgings, and is girt

VVith the wild Noiſe of prating Viſitants,
 VVhich makes it lunatick, beyond all Cure.
 Conceive not, I am ſo ſtupid, as not perceive
 VVhereto your Favors tend: but he's a Fool,
 That, being a cold, would thruſt his hands i'th'fire
 To warm them.

Dutch. So now the Ground's broke,
 You may diſcover what a wealthy Mine
 I make you Lord of. *Ant.* Oh my Unworthineſs!

Dutch. You do ill to ſell your ſelf!
 This darkning of your VVorth, is not like that
 Tradeſmen uſe i'th' City; their falſe Lights
 Are to rid bad Wares off; and I tell you,
 If you would know where breathes a compleat Man,
 I ſpeak it without flattery, turn your eyes,
 And progreſs through your ſelf.

Ant. VVere there no Heaven nor Hell,
 I ſhou'd be honeſt I have long ſerv'd Virtue,
 And ne're ta'ne VVages of her. *Dutch.* Now ſhe pays it;
 The Miſery of us, that are born Great,
 VVe are forc'd to wooe, becauſe none dare wooe us!
 And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,
 And fearfully equivocates: ſo we
 Are forc'd to expreſs our violent Paſſions
 In Riddles, and Dreams; and leave the path
 Of ſimple Vertue, which was never made
 To ſeem the thing it is not: Go, go brag
 You have left me heartleſs, mine is in your boſom;
 I hope 'twill multiply Love there: "You tremble:
 "Make not your Heart ſo dead a piece of fleſh
 "To fear, more than to love me: Sir, be confident;
 "VVhat iſt diſtracts you? This is Fleſh and Blood, Sir,
 "'Tis not the Figure cut in Alabaſter
 "Kneels at my Husband's Tomb: Awake, awake, M
 "I do here put off all vain Ceremony,
 "And only do appear to you, a young VVidow
 "That claims you for her Husband. And like a VVidow,
 "I uſe but half a bluſh i't. *Ant.* Truth ſpeak for me,
 I will remain the conſtant Sanctuary
 Of your good Name.

Dutch.

Dutch. I thank you, gentle Love,
And 'cause you shall not come to me in Debt,
Being now my Steward, here upon your Lips
I sign you *Quietus est*: This you should have beg'd now;
I have seen Children oft eat Sweet-meets thus,
As fearful to devour 'em too soon.

Ant. But for your Brothers?

Dutch. Do not think of them.

" All Discord without this Circumference

" Is only to be pitied, and not feared:

" Yet, should they know it, Time will easily

" Scatter the Tempest.

" *Ant.* These Words should be mine,

" And all the Parts you have spoke, if some part of it

" Would not have savour'd of Flattery.

Enter *Cariola*.

" *Dutch.* Kneel.

Ant. Ha?

" *Dutch.* Be not amazed, this Woman's of my Counsel:

" I have heard Lawyers say, a Contract in a Chamber,

" (*Per verba præsenti*) is absolute Marriage:

Bless, Heaven, this sacred Gordian, which let Violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our swet Affections, like the Spheres,
Be still in Motion.

Dutch. Quickning, and make
The like soft Musick.

Ant. That we may imitate the loving Palms,
Best Emblem of a peaceful Marriage,
That ne're bore Fruit divided.

Dutch. What can the Church force more?

Ant. That Fortune may not know an Accident
Either of Joy, or Sorrow, to divide
Our fixed Wishes.

Dutch. How can the Church build faster?
We now are Man and Wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but eccho this: Let us retire, and plot
T'appease my humorous Kindred.
Oh, let me shrowd my Blushes in your Bosome,
Since 'tis the Treasury of all my Secrets.

Car

Car. Whether the Spirit of Greatness, or of Woman
Reign most in her, I know not, but it shews
A fearful Madnes, I owe her much Pity.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Bosola, Castruccio.

Bos. **Y**OU say you would fain be taken for an eminent Courtier?
Cast. 'Tis the very main of my Ambition.

Bos. Let me see, you have a reasonable good Face for't already ;
Observe my Meditation now :
VVhat thing is in this outward Man
To be belov'd ? we account it Ominous
If Nature do produce a Colt, or Lamb,
A Fawn, or Goat, in any Limb resembling
A Man ; and fly from't as a Prodigy.
Man stands amaz'd to see his Deformity
In any other Creature but himself.
" But in our own Flesh, though we bear Diseases
" VVhich have their true Names only ta'en from Beasts,
" As the most ulcerous VVolf, and swinish Meazel ;
" Though we are eaten up of Lice and VVorms.
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead Body, we delight
To hide it in rich Tissue : All our Fear,
Nay, all our Terror, is, lest our Physician
Should put us in the Ground, to be made Sweet.
Your VVife's gone to *Rome* : Get you
To the Wells at *Lucca*, to recover your Aches.
I have other Work on Foot : I observe
Our Dutchess is sick a-days,
She wains i'th Cheek, and waxes fat i'th Flank ;
And, contrary to our *Italian* Fashion,
Wears a loose Bodied Gown ; there's somewhat in't,
I have a Trick may chance discover it,
A pretty one, I have bought some Apricocks,
The first our Spring yields.

Enter

Enter Antonio, Delia.

Del. And ſo long ſince marry'd ?
You amaze me !

Ant. Let me ſeal your Lips for ever.
For did I think, that any thing but th' Air,
Could carry theſe Words from you, I ſhould wiſh
You had no Breath at all. Now, Sir, in your Contemplation,
You are ſtudying to become a great wiſe Fellow.

Boſ. Oh, Sir, the Opinion of Wiſdom, is a foul Tetter,
That runs all over a Man's Body : If Simplicity
Direct us to have no Evil, it directs us to a happy
Being : For the ſubtleſt Folly proceeds from the
Subtleſt Wiſdom : Let me be ſimply Honelt.

Ant. I do underſtand your Inſide.

Boſ. Do you ſo ?

Ant. Becauſe you would not ſeem to appear to th' world
Puffed up with your Preferment : You continue
This out of Faſhion Melancholy, leave it, leave it.

Boſ. Give me leave to be Honelt in any Phraſe, in any
Complement whatever. Shall I confeſs my ſelf t'ye ?
I look no higher than I can reach.

They are the Gods that muſt ride on Winged Horſes.
A Lawyer's Mule of a ſlow Pace, will both ſuit
My Diſpoſition and Buſineſs ; For, mark me,
When a Man's Mind rides faſter than his Horſe can gallop,
They quickly both tire.

Ant. You would look up to Heaven, but I think
The Devil, that rules i' th' Air, ſtands in your Light.

Boſ. Oh, Sir, you are Lord of the Aſcendant,
Chief Man with the Dutcheſs ; a Duke was your
Couſin German once remov'd. Say you were lineally
Deſcended from King Pepin, or he himſelf,
VWhat of this ? Search the Heads of the greateſt Rivers in
The World, you ſhall find them but Bubbles of Water.
Some would think the Souls of Princes were brought
Forth by ſome more weighty Cauſe, than thoſe of meaner Perſons.
They are deceiv'd, there's the ſame Hand to them ;
The like Paſſions ſway 'em. The ſame Reason that makes
A Vicar to go to Law for a Tythe-Pig,
And undo his Neighbours, makes them ſpoil

A whole Province, and batter down fair
Cities with their Cannon.

Enter Dutcheſs, Ladies.

Dutch. Your Arm, *Antonio.* do I not grow Fat?
I am exceeding ſhort winded. *Bofola,*
I would have you, Sir, provide me a Litter,
Such a one as the Dutcheſs of *Florence* rode in.

Bof. The Dutcheſs us'd one when ſhe was great with Child.

Dutch. I think ſhe did. Come hiſher, mend this.
Here, when? thou art ſuch a tedious Lady; and
Thy Breath ſmells of Limon-peel, wou'd thou haſt done:
Shall I ſwound under thy Fingers? I am
So troubl'd with the Mother.

Bof. I fear too much.

Dutch. I have heard you ſay, that the *French* Courtiers
Wear their Hats on before the King.

Ant. I have ſeen it.

Dutch. In the Preſence?

Ant. Yes, Madam.

Dutch. Why ſhould not we bring up that Faſhion?
Be you the Example to the reſt o'th' Court,
Put on your Hat firſt.

Ant. You muſt pardon me.

I have ſeen, in colder Countries than in *France*,
Nobles ſtand bare to th' Prince; and the Diſtinction
Methought ſhew'd Reverently.

Bof. I have a Preſent for your Grace.

Dutch. For me, Sir?

Bof. Apricocks, Madam.

Dutch. O Sir, where are they?

I have heard of none this Year.

Bof. Good; her Colour riſes.

Dutch. Indeed I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones.

What an unſkillful Fellow is our Gard'ner?

We ſhall have none this Month.

Bof. Will not your Grace pare 'em?

Dutch. No, they taſte of Muſk, methinks, indeed they do.

Bof. I know not; yet I wiſh your Grace had par'd 'em.

Dutch. Why? *Bof.* I forgot to tell you, the Knave Gard'ner,
Only to raiſe his Profit by them the ſooner,
Did ripen them in Horſedung.

Dutch. O you jeſt.

You ſhall judge; pray taſte one.

Ant. Indeed, Madam,

I do not love the Fruit.

Dutch. Sir you are loath

To rob us of our Dainties. 'Tis a delicate Fruit,

They

They say they are Restorative? *Bos.* 'Tis a pretty Art, this grafting. *Dutch.* 'Tis so; bettering the Nature.

Bos. To make Pippins grow upon a Crab, -
A Dam'son on a Black Thorn. How greedily she eats them? [*aside.*

Dutch. I thank you, *Bosola*, they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sick. *Ant.* How now, Madam?

Dutch. This green Fruit and my Stomach are not Friends,
How they swell me?

Bos. Nay, you are too much swell'd already. [*aside.*

Dutch. Oh, I am in an extream cold Sweat.

Bos. I am very sorry. [*Exit.*

Dutch. Lights to my Chamber. O, good *Antonio*,
I fear I am undone, [*Exit. Dutchess, Lady,*

Del. Lights there, Lights.

Ant. O my Dear Friend, we are lost.

I fear she's falln in labour; and there's left
No time for her remove.

Del. Have you prepar'd

Those Ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique safe Conveyance for the Midwife,
Your Dutchess plotted? *Ant.* I have.

Del. Make use then of this forc'd Occasion;
Give out that *Bosola* hath poison'd her
With these Apricocks; that will give some colour
For her keeping close. *Ant.* Fye, fye, the Physicians
Will then flock to her.

Del. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd Antidote of her own,
Lest the Physicians should re-poyson her.

Ant. I am lost in Amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex.*

SCENA II.

Enter *Bosola, Lady.*

Bos. So, so; there's no question but her eager
And most vulturous Eating of the Apricocks, are apparent
Signs of Breeding. Now? "*La.* I am in haste, Sir. (*fire*

" *Bos.* There was a young VVaiting-woman, had a mostrous de-
D To

- " To see the Glass-house. *La.* Nay, pray let me go.
 " *Bos.* And it was only to know what strange instrument it was,
 " Shou'd swell up a Glass to the Fashion of a Womans Belly.
 " *La.* I will hear no more of the Glas-house,
 " You are still abusing Women?
 " *Bos.* Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention.
 " Your frailties. The Orange-tree bears Ripe and Green (ment
 " Fruit, and Blossoms altogether: and some of you give Entertain-
 " For pure Love; but more for precious Reward. The lussy
 " Spring smells well; but drooping Autumn tastes well. If we
 " Have the same golden Showres, that rain'd in the time of *Jupiter*
 " The Thunderer, you have the same *Danae's* still, to hold up their
 " Laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the *Mathematicks*?
 " *La.* What's that, Sir.
 " *Bos.* Why, to know the Trick how to make a many Lines meet
 " In one Center: Go, go, give your Foster-Daughters good Counsel,
 " Tell 'em, that the Devil takes delight to hang at a Womans Girdle
 " Like a false rusty VWatch, that she cannot discern how
 " The time passes. *Ant.* Shut up the Court-gates.

Enter Antonio, Rodorigo, Grisolan, Servants.

Rod. VVhy, Sir? what's the Danger?

Ant. Shut up the Posterns presently, and call
 All the Officers o'th Court. *Gris.* I shall instantly:

Ant. VVho keeps the Key o'th' Park-gate?

Rod. Forobosco. *Ant.* Let him bring't presently.

Bos. If these Apricocks should be poyson'd now,
 VVithout my knowledg.

[*aside*]

- " *Serv.* There was taken just now a *Switzer*
 " In the Dutchess's chamber. 2 *Serv.* A *Switzer*!
 " *Serv.* VVith a Pistol in his great Cod-piece.
 " *Bos.* Ha, ha, ha. *Serv.* The Cod-piece was the Case for't.
 " 2 *Serv.* There was a cunning Traitor;
 " Who would have search'd his Cod-piece?
 " *Serv.* True, if he had kept out of the Ladies Chambers.
 " And all the Moulds of his Buttons, were leaden Bullets.
 " 2 *Serv.* Oh wicked Canibal: a Fire-lock in's Cod-piece!
 " *Serv.* 'Twas a *French* Plot upon my Life.
 " 2 *Serv.* To see what the Devil can do!
Ant. Are all the Officers here. *Serv.* VVe are. *Ant.* Gentlemen,
 VVe

WVe have lost much Plate you know; and but this Evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand Ducats,
Are missing in the Dutchess's Cabinet.
Are the Gates shut? *Serv.* Yes. Sir.

Ant. Tis her Graces pleasure,
Each Officer be lockt into his Chamber
Till the Sun-rising; and to send the Keys
Of all their Chests, and of their outward Doors
Into her Bed-chamber; She is very sick.

Rod. At her pleasure.

Ant. She intreats you ta'kt not ill: The in-
Shall be the more approved by it.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.]

" *Bos.* Gentleman o'th' VWood-yard, wheres your *Switzers* now?

" *Serv.* By this hand twas credibly reported by one oth Black-

Del. How fares it with the Dutchess? *(guard.*

Ant. Shes expos'd.

Unto the worst of Torture, Pain and Fear.

Del. Speak to her all happy Comfort.

Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own Danger!
You are this night, dear Friend, to post to *Rome*,
My Life lies in your Service. *Del.* Do not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, tis far from me; and yet fear presents,
Somewhat that looks like Danger.

Del. Believe it,

Tis but the Shadow of your Fear, no more.

How superstitiously we mind our Evils?

The throwing down Salt, or crossing of a Hare,

Bleeding at Nose, the stumbling of a Horse,

Or singing of a Cricket are of power

To daunt whole Man in us: Sir, fare you well:

I wish you all the joys of a blest Father;

[Exit.]

Enter Cariola with a Child.

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy Father of a Son,
Your Wife commends him to you. *Ant.* Bless'd Comfort:
For Heaven sake tend her well: I'll presently
Go Calculate his Nativity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA III.

Enter *Bosola*, with a dark *Lantern*.

Bos. Sure I did hear a Woman shriek ;
And the Sound came, if I receiv'd it right,
From the Dutchess Lodgings. There's some Stratagem,
In the confining all our Courtiers
To their several Wards : I must have part of it,
My intelligence will frieze else ;
It may be 'twas the melancholly Bird
Best Friend of Silence, and of Solitariness,
The Owl, that screeam'd so. Hah. *Antonio!*

hiss, again ?

Enter *Antonio*, with a Candle his Sword drawn.

Ant. I heard some Noise. VVho's there? what art thou? speak.

Bos. *Antonio*; Put not your Face, nor Body
To such a forc'd Expression of Fear,
I am *Bosola*, your Friend. *Ant.* *Bosola*?
This Mole do's undermine me. Heard you not
A Noise even now? *Bos.* from whence?

Ant. From the Dutchess's Lodging.

Bos. Not I. Did you? *Ant.* I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walk towards it.

Ant. No; It may be 'twas
But the Rising of the Wind. *Bos.* Very likely :
Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat
You look wildly.

Ant. I have been setting a Figure
For the Dutchess's Jewels.

Bos. Ay? and how falls your Question?
Do you find it radical? *Ant.* What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what Design,
When all Men were commanded to their Lodgings,
Makes you a Night-walker?

Bos. Faith I'll tell you.
Now all the Court's asleep, I thought the Devil
Had least to do here ; I came to say my Prayers.
And if it offend you, I do so,

You

You are a fine Courtier.

Ant. This Fellow will undo me.

[*aside.*]

You gave the Dutchess Apricocks to day.

Pray Heaven they were not poyson'd?

Bos. Poyson'd! a Spanish fig.

For the Imputation.

Ant. Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discover'd. There were Jewels stoln too;

In my conceit none are to be suspected

More than your self.

Bos. You are a false Steward.

Ant. Sawcy Slave; I'll pull thee up by the Roots.

Bos. May be the Ruin will crush you to pieces.

Ant. You are an impudent Snake indeed, Sir.

Are you scarce warm, and do you shew your sting?

You Libel well, Sir. *Bos.* No, Sir,

Copy it out, and I will set my hand to't.

Ant. My Nose Bleeds. One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it meerly comes by chance.

Two Letters, that are wrote here for my Name

Are drown'd in Blood; meer accident. For you, Sir, I'll take order;

I'th'morn you shall be safe; tis that must colour

Her lying in. Sir, this door you pass not;

I do not hold it fit that you come near

The Dutchess's Lodgings, till you have quit your self;

" *The Great are like the Base; nay they are the same,*

" *When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.*

Exit.

Bos. Artonio hereabout dropt a Paper,

Some of your help, false Friend; oh, here it is.

VVhat's here? a Child's Nativity Calculated.

*The Dutchess was delivered of a Son 'tween the hours of twelve
and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504, (that's this year)*

*decimo nono Decembris, (that's this night) taken according to
the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutchess; happy discovery.)*

*The Lord of the first House being combust in the Ascendant, signifies
short Life: and Mars being in a human Sign, joynd to the Tail of
the Dragon, in the eighth House, doth threaten a violent Death;*

Cætera non scrutantur.

VVhy now 'tis most apparent. This precise Fellow

Is the Dutchess's Bawd: I have it to my wish:

This is a parcel of Intelligence,

Our Courtiers were cas'd up for. It needs must follow,

That

That I must be committed on pretence
 Of poisoning her ; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
 If one cou'd find the Father now ; but that
 Time will discover. *Old Castruccio*
 Ith Morning posts to *Rome* ; by him I'll send
 A Letter, that shall make her Brothers Galls
 Ore flow their Livers; this was a thrifty way,
Though Lust do mask in ne're so strange Diguiſe,
She's oft found Witty, but is never Wiſe.

[Exit

SCENA IV.

Enter Cardinal, and Julia.

Card. Sit. Thou art my best of Wiſhes, prithee tell me
 What Trick didſt thou invent to come to *Rome*
 Without thy Husband ? *Jul.* Why, my Lord, I told him
 I came to viſit and old Anchorite
 Here, for Devotion.

Card. Thou art a witty falſe one ;
 I mean to him. *Jul.* You have prevail'd with me
 Beyond my ſtrongeſt Thoughts. I would not now
 Find you Inconſtant. *Card.* Do not put thy ſelf
 To ſuch a voluntary Torture, which proceeds
 Out of your own Guilt.

Jul. How, my Lord ?
Card. You fear my Conſtancy, becauſe you have approv'd
 Thoſe giddy and wild turnings in your ſelf.

Jul. Did you e're find them ?

Card. Why, generally for Women ;
 A Man might ſtrive to make Glaſs malleable,
 Ere he ſhould make them fix'd. *Jul.* So, my Lord.

Card. We had need go borrow that Fantaſtick Glaſs,
 Invented by *Galileo* the *Florentine*,
 To view another ſpacious World i'th' Moon,
 And look to find a conſtant VVoman there.

Jul. This is very well, my Lord.

Card. VVhy do you weep ?

Are Tears your Juſtification ? the ſelf ſame Tears
 VVill fall into your Husband's Boſome, Lady,
 VVith a loud Proteſtation, that you love him
 Above the VVorld. Come, I'll love you wiſely,

Thats

That's jealously, since I am very certain
You cannot make me Cuckold.
To my Husband.

Jul. I'll go home

Card. You may thank me, Lady ;
I have taken you off your melancholy Pearch,
Bore you upon my Fist, and shew'd you Game,
And let you flie at it, I prithee kiss me :
When thou wast with thy Husband, thou wast watch'd
Like a tame Elephant ; still you are to thank me,
Thou hadst only Kisses from him, and high Feeding,
But what Delight was that ? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the Lute,
Yet cannot tune it ; still you are to thank me.

Jul. You told me of a piteous Wound i'th'Heart,
And a sick Liver, when you woo'd me first,
And spake like one in Physick.

Card. VVho's that ?

Rest firm, for my Affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't. "*Serv.* Madam, a Gentleman
That's come Post from *Malsy*, desires to see you.

Car. Let him enter, I'll withdraw. [*Exit.* "*Ser.* He says,
Your Husband, old *Castruccio*, is come to *Rome*,
Most pitifully tir'd with riding Post. [*Enter Delio.*

Jul. Signior *Delio* ? 'tis one of my old Suitors.

Del. Servant Lady, I am glad to see you at *Rome*.

Jul. I thank you Sir, you're welcome. *Del.* Do you lie here ?

Jul. Sure, your own Experience
VVill satisfie you no ; our *Roman* Prelates
Do not keep Lodgings for Ladies.

Del. Very well :

I have brought you no Commendations from your Husband,
For I know none by him. *Jul.* I hear he's come to *Rome*.

Del. I never knew Man, and Beast, of a Horse and a Knight,
So weary of each other.

Jul. Your Laughter
Is my Pity.

Del. Madam, I know not whether
You want Mony, but I have brought you some.

Jul. From my Husband ?

Del. No, from my own Allowance.

Jul. I must hear the Condition, 'ere I be bound to take it.

Del. Look on't, 'tis Gold ; hath it not a fine Colour ?

Jul. I have a Bird more Beautiful.

Del. Try the sound on't.

Jul. A Fiddle far exceeds it :

It hath no smell, like Cassia, or Civet ;
Nor is it Physical, though some fond Doctors
Perswade us, 'tis a Cordial. I'll tell you.
This is a Creature bred by ———

Ser. Your Husband's come to *Rome*, and [Enter *Servant*
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,
To my thinking, hath put him out of 's Wits.

Jul. Sir, you hear ; [Exit.
Pray let me know your business, and your suit,
As briefly as can be.

Del. With good speed ; I would wish you,
At such time as you are non-resident
With your Husband, my Mistris.

Jul. Sir, I'll go ask my Husband if I shall.
And straight return your answer. [Exit.

Del. Very fine. Is this her Wit, or Honesty, that speak thus ?
I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd

With a Letter sent from *Malsy* : I fear

Antonio is betray'd. How fearfully

Shews his ambition now ! (Unfortunate Fortune !)

*They pass through Whirl pools, and deep Woes do shun,
Who the Event weigh, ere the Action's done.*

[Exit.

SCENA V:

Enter *Cardinal*, and *Ferdinand*, *Furious*, with a Letter.

Ferd. I have this night dig'd up a Mandrake.

Car. Say you. *Ferd.* And I am grown Mad with't.

Car. What's the prodegy ?

Ferd. Read there, a Sister damn'd, she's loose i'th' hilt :
Grown a notorious Strumpet.

Car. Speak lower. *Ferd.* Lower ?

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish'r,
As Servants do the bounty of their Lords,

Aloud ; and with a covetous searching Eye,

To mark who note 'em. Oh confusion seize her,

She has had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,

And more secure conveyances for lust,

Than Garrison Towns for service.

Card. Is't possible ?

Can

Can this be certain? *Ferd.* Rhubarb, oh for Rhubarb,
To purge this Choler; here's the curst day
To prompt my memory, and here't shall stick
Till of her bleeding Heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out. *Card.* Why do you make your self

So wild a Tempest? *Ferd.* Wou'd I cou'd be one,
That I might tofs her Palace about her Ears,
Root up her goodly Forrests, blast her Meads,
And lay her whole Territories as waste,
As she hath done her Honours. *Card.* Shall our Blood,

The Royal Blood of *Arragon* and *Castile*,
Be thus Attainted? *Ferd.* Apply desperate Physick;
We must not now use *Balsamum*, but Fire;
The smarting Cupping-glass, for that's the mean
To purge infected Blood, such Blood as hers.

There is a kind of Pity in mine Eye,
I'll give it to my Handkerchief; and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her Bastard. *Card.* What to do?

Ferd. Why to make soft Lint for his Mother's Wounds,
When I have hewed her to pieces.

Card. Curs'd Creature,
Unequal Nature, to place Womens Hearts
So far upon the left-side. *Ferd.* Foolish Men
That ere will trust their Honour in a Bark
Made of so slight, weak bul-rush, as this Woman,
Apt every minute to sink it. *Card.* Thus

Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd Honour,
It cannot weild it.

Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing:
Excellent *Hyenna*, talk to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me

To see her in the shameful act of Sin. *Card.* With whom?

Ferd. Happly with some strong thigh'd Barge-Man?

Card. You fly beyond your Reason.

Ferd. Go to, Mistris,
Tis not your Whores Milk that can quench my wild-fire,
But your Whores Blood.

Card. How idly shews this Rage?
Which carries you, as Men convey'd by Witches, through the air,
On violent whirl-winds: this intemperate Noise

Fitly resembles Deaf Mens shrill Discourse,
 Who talk aloud, thinking all other Men
 To have their Imperfection. *Ferd.* Have not you
 My Palsy ? *Card.* Yes, I can be Angry

Without this Rupture ; there is not in Nature.
 A thing that makes Man so deform'd, so beastly,
 As doth intemperate Anger : chide your self ;
 You have divers Men, who never yet exprest
 Their strong desire of Rest, but by Unrest,
 By vexing of themselves : Come put your self
 In tune. *Ferd.* So : I will only study to seem
 The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
 In You, or in my Self, for I do think
 It is some Sin in us, Heaven doth Revenge
 By her. *Card.* Are you stark mad.

Ferd. I would have their Bodies
 Burnt in a Coal-pit, with the vantage stop'd,
 That their curs'd smoak might not ascend to Heaven.
 Or dip the Sheets they lie in, in Pitch or Sulphur,
 Wrap them in't, and then light them like a Match :
 Or else to boyle their Bastard to a culliss,
 And giv't his Lecherous Father to renew
 The Sin of his Back.

Card. I'll leave you. *Ferd.* Nay, I have done :
 I am confident, had I been damn'd in Hell,
 And should have heard of this, it would have put me
 Into a cold Sweat : In, in, I'll go sleep.
 Till I know who leaps my Sister, I'll not stir :
 That known, I'll find Scorpions to sting my whips,
 And fix her in a general Eclipse.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter *Antonio*, and *Delio*.

Ant. **O**UR Noble Friend, my most beloved *Delio*,
 You have been a stranger long at Court :
 Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand* ?

Del. I did Sir ; and how fares your Noble Dutchess ?

Ant.

Ant. Most fortunately well: She's an excellent Feeder of Pedigrees; since you last saw her, She hath had Two Children more, a Son and a Daughter,

Del. Pray Sir, tell me! Hath not this News arriv'd yet to the Ear Of the Lord Cardinal? *Ant.* I fear it hath, The Lord *Ferdinand*, that's newly come to Court, Does bear himself most dangerously. *Del.* Pray why?

Ant. He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep The Tempest out, as Dormice do in Winter: Those Houses that are most haunted, are most still Till the Devil be up. *Del.* What say the Common People?

Ant. The Common Rabble, do directly say She is a Strumpet. *Del.* And your graver Heads, Which would be Politick, what censure they?

Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite Wealth, The left hand way; and all suppose the Dutchess VVould amend it, if she could:

For other obligation Of Love or Marriage between her and me, They never dream of. *Del.* The Lord *Ferdinand*.

Enter *Ferdinand*, *Dutchess*, and *Bosola*.

Ferd. Ile instantly to Bed, For I am weary; I am to be-speak A Husband for you. *Dutch.* For me Sir? pray who is't? *Ferd.* The great Count *Malateste*. *Dutch.* Fye upon him, A Count? he's a meer stick of Sugar-Candy, You may look quite through him. When I chuse A Husband, I will Marry for your Honour.

Ferd. You shall do well in't: How is't, worthy *Antonio*?

Dutch. But, Sir, I am to have private conference with you About a Scandalous Report is spread Touching my Honour. *Ferd.* Let me be ever deaf to't: Go be safe in your own Innocency. *Dutch.* O Bless'd comfort! This deadly Air is purg'd. *Exeunt. manent Ferd. Bosola.*

Ferd. Now *Bosola*, How thrives our intelligence? *Bos.* Sir, uncertainly, 'Tis rumour'd she hath had three Bastards; By whom, we may go read i'th' Stars. *Ferd.* Why some Hold Opinion, all things are written there.

Bos. Yes if we could find Spectacles to read 'em.

" I do suspect, there hath been some Sorcery

" Us'd on the Dutchess.

Ferd. Sorcery, to what purpose?

" *Bos.* To make her dote on some desertless Fellow,

" She shames to acknowledge.

" *Ferd.* Can your Faith give way

" To think there's Power in Potions, or Charms,

" To make us Love whether we will or no?

" *Bos.* Most certainly.

" *Ferd.* Away, these are mere Gulleries, horrid things,

" Invented by some cheating Mountebanks

" To abuse us: Do you think that Herbs, or Charms,

" Can force the Will?

" Some Trials have been made

" In this foolish Practice; but the Ingredients

" Were lenative Poisons, such as are of Force

" To make the Patient mad; and straight the Witch

" Swears, by equivocation, they are in love.

" The Witch-craft lies in her rank Blood:

You told me

You had got, within these two days, a false Key

Into her Bed-chamber.

Bos. I have.

Ferd. As I wou'd wish.

Bos. VVhat do you intend to do?

Ferd. Can you guess?

Bos. No. *Ferd.* Do not ask then:

He that can compass me, and know my Drifts,

May say he hath put a Girdle 'bout the VVorld,

And founded all her Quicklands.

Bos. I do not

Think so.

Ferd. VVhat do you think then, pray?

Bos. That you are

Your own Chronicle too much; and grossly

Flatter your self.

Ferd. Give me thy Hand, I thank thee:

I never gave Pension but to Flatterers,

Till I entertain'd thee; farewell.

That Friend a great Man's Ruine strongly checks,

Who rails into his Faith, all his Defects.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA

SCENA II.

Enter Dutcheſs, Antonio, Cariola.

Dutch. Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glaſs ;
You get no Lodging here to Night, my Lord.

Ant. Indeed I muſt perſuade one.

Dutch. Very good.

I hope in time 'twill grow into a Cuſtom,
That noble Men ſhall come with Cap an Knee,
To purchaſe a Night's lodging of their Wives.

Ant. I muſt lie here.

Dutch. Muſt ? You are a Lord of miſ-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my Rule is only in the Night.

Dutch. To what uſe will you put me ?

Ant. We'll ſleep together.

Dutch. Alas, what pleaſure can two Lovers find in ſleep ?

Car. My Lord, I lie with her often ; and I know

She'l much diſquiet you.

Ant. See you are complain'd of.

Car. For ſhe's the ſprawling Bedfellow.

Ant. I ſhall like her the better for that.

Car. Sir, ſhall I aſk you a Queſtion ?

Ant. I, prithee do Cariola.

Car. Wherefore ſtill when you lie with my Lady,

Do you riſe ſo early ?

Ant. Labouring Men

Count the Clock oftneſt, Cariola,

Are glad when the Task's ended. *Dutch.* I'll ſtop your Mouth.

Ant. Nay, that's but one ; *Venus* had two ſoft Doves

To draw her Chariot : I muſt have another.

When wilt thou marry Cariola ?

Car. Never, my Lord.

Ant. O ſie upon this ſingle Life ; forgo it ?

We read how *Daphne*, for her peeviſh ſlight,

Became a fruitleſs Bay-tree ; *Sirinx* turn'd

To the pale empty Reed ; *Maxarate*

Was frozen into Marble ; whereas thoſe

Which marry'd or prov'd kind unto their Friends,

Were, by a gracious Influence, tranſhap'd

Into the Olive, Pomgranet, Mulberry ;

Became

Became Flowers, precious Stones, or Eminent Stars.

Car. This is a vein of Poetry; but pray tell me,
If there were propos'd me, Wisdom, Riches, Beauty,
In three several Young-Men, which should I chuse?

Ant. 'Tis a hard Question: This was *Paris's* case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great Reason
For how was't possible he should judge right,
Having three amorous Goddesses in view.
Now I look on both your Faces, so well form'd
It puts us in mind of a question, I would ask.

Car. What is't?

Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies
For the most part, keep worse-favour'd Waiting-Women,
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

Dutch. Oh, that's soon answer'd.

Did you ever in your Life know an ill Painter
Desire to have his Dwelling next Door to the Shop
Of an excellent Picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His Face-making, and undo him: I Prithee
When were we Merry? my Hair tangles.

Ant. Prithee, *Cariola*, let's steal forth the Room,
And let her talk to her self; I have divers times
Served her the like, when she has chaf'd extremly:
I love to see her angry; softly *Cariola*.

[*Exeunt*]

Dutch. Doth not the Colour of my Hair 'gin to change?
When I wax Gray, I shall have all the Court
Powder their Hair to be like me:

You have cause to Love me; it enter'd into my Heart

Enter Ferdinand unseen.

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the Keys.

We shall one day have my Brothers take you napping.

Methinks his Presence, being now in Court,

Should make you keep your own Bed; but you'll say

Love mixt with Fear, is sweetest: I'll assure you

You shall get no more Children till my Brothers

Consent to be your Gossips. Have you lost your Tongue?

'Tis VVelcome:

For know, whether I am doom'd to live, or die,

I can do both like a Prince.

Ferdinand gives her a Poniard.

Ferd. Die then, quickly.

Vertue,

Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth Eclipse thee? *Dutch.* Pray, Sir, hear me.

Ferd. Or is it true, that thou art but a bare Name,
And no Essential thing? *Dutch.* Sir?

Ferd. Do not speak. *Dutch.* No, Sir?
I wou'd plant my Soul in mine Ears, to hear you.

Ferd. "Oh must imperfect Light of humane Reason,
"That mak'st us so unhappy, to fore-see
"What we can least prevent: Pursue thy Wishes,
And glory in them: There's in Shame no comfort,
But to be past all Bounds, and Sense of Shame.

Dutch. I pray Sir, hear me: I am Marry'd. *Ferd.* So.

Dutch. Happly, not to your liking; but for that,
Alas, your Sheers do come untimely now
To clip the Birds Wings, that's already flown.
Will you see my Husband? *Ferd.* Yes, if I
Could change Eyes with a Basilisk.

Dutch. Sure, you came hither
By his Confederacy. *Ferd.* The howling of a Wolf
Is Musick to thee Screech-Owl; prithee Peace.
What ere thou art that hast enjoy'd my Sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake
Let me not know thee: I came hither prepar'd
To work thy discovery; yet am now perswaded
It would beget so violent effects
As would damn us both: "I would not for ten Millions
"I had beheld thee; therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy Name;
"Enjoy thy Lust still, and a wretched Life,
"On that condition: and for thee, vile Woman,
If thou dost with thy Lover may grow Old
In thy Embrace, I wou'd have you build
Such a Room for him as our Anchorites
To holier use inhabit: Let not the Sun
Shine on him, till he's Dead: Let Dogs and Monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom Nature denies use of Speech, to sound his Name.
Do not keep a Paraqueto, lest she learn it;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own Tongue,
Lest it betray him.

Dutch.

Dutch. Why might not I marry?

I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new World, or Custom.

Ferd. Thou art undone.

And thou hast ta'ne that massy sheet of Lead
That hid thy Husband's Bones, and folded it
About my Heart. *Dutch.* Mine bleeds for't.

Ferd. Thine? thy Heart?

What should I nam't, unless a hollow Bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable Wild fire?

Dutch. You are, in this

Too strict; and were you not my princely Brother,
I would say too Wilful: My Reputation
Is safe. *Ferd.* Dost thou know what Reputation is?

" Upon a time, Reputation, Love, and Death,
" Wou'd travel o're the World; and twas conluded
" That they should part, and take three several ways.
" Death told 'em they should find him in great Battels;
" Or Cities visited with Plagues: Love gives them Counsel
" To enquire for him 'mongst Unambitious Shepherds,
" Where Dowries were not talk'd of; and sometimes
" 'Mongst quiet Kindred, that had nothing left 'em
" By their dead Parents: But, says Reputation,
" Do not forsake me; for it is my Nature
" If once I part from any Man I meet,
" I am never found again? And so, for you:
" You have shook Hands with Reputation,
" And made him Invisible: So fare you well.

I will never see you more.

Dutch. Why should only I,
Of all the other Princes of the VWorld,
Be cas'd up like a holy Relick? I have Youth,
And a little Beauty.

Ferd. So we have some Virgins that are VVitches.
I will never see thee more. [*Exit, and enter Antonio with a Pistol.*]

Dutch. You saw this Apparition.

Ant. Yes; we are
Betray'd; how came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that.

Car. Pray Sir do; and when

That

That you have cleft my Heart, you shall read there
Mine Innocence.

Dutch. That Gallery gave him entrance.

Ant. I wou'd this terrible Thing would come again,
That, standing on my Guard, I might relate
My warrantable Love. Ha! what means this?

Dutch. He left this with me.

[*She shews the Ponyard.*]

Ant. And it seems, did with
You would use it on your self.
Seem'd to intend so much.

Dutch. His Action

Ant. This hath a Handle to't,
As well as a Point; turn it towards him,
And so fasten the keen Edge in his rank Gall.
How now? who knocks? more Earthquakes?

Dutch. I stand
As if a Mine, beneath my Feet, were ready
To be blown up.

Car. 'Tis *Bosola*.

Dutch. Away,
Oh Misery! methinks unjust Actions
Should wear these Masks and Curtains, and not we:
You must instantly part hence, I have fashion'd it already. [*Exit. Ant.*]

Enter *Bosola*.

Bos. The Duke your Brother is ta'en up in a Whirl-wind;
Hath took Horse, and's rid Post to *Rome*.

Dutch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th' Saddle,
You were undone.

Dutch. Indeed, I am very near it.

Bos. What's the matter?

Dutch. *Antonio* the Master of our Houshold
Hath dealt so falsly with me in's Accounts:
My Brother stood engag'd with me for Mony
Ta'ne up of certain *Neapolitan* Jews,
And *Antonio* lets the Bonds be forfeit.

Bos. Strange! this is Cunning!
My Brothers Bills at *Naples* are protested.
Call up the Officers.

Dutch. And hercupon

Bos. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Antonio*.

Dutch. The place that you must flie to, is *Ancona*:
Hire a House there. I'll send after you
My Treasure, and my Jewels. Our weak Safety
Runs upon ingenious Wheels; short Syllables,

F

Must

Must stand for Periods : I must now accuse you
Of such a feigned Crime, as *Tasso* calls
Magnanima Mensogna, a Noble Lie,
'Cause it must shield our Honours : hark, they are coming.

Enter *Bosola*, and *Gentlemen*.

Ant. Will your Grace hear me ?

Dutch. I have got well by you : You have yielded me
A Million of Loss ; I am like to inherit
The Peoples Curses for your Stewardship :
You had the trick in Audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your *Quietus* ; and that cur'd you
Without help of a Doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this Man be an Example to you all :
So shall you hold my Favour : I pray let him ;
For h'as done that, alas, you wou'd not think of ;
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish ; use your Fortune elsewhere.

Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my Overthrow.
As commonly Men bear with a hard Year,
I will not blame the Cause on't ; but do think
The Necessity of my malevolent Star
Procures this, not her Humour.

Dutch. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your Accounts,
All that you have.
All mine should be so.

Ant. I am all yours ; and 'tis very fit

Dutch. So, Sir, you have your Pass.

Ant. You may see, Gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A Prince with Body and Soul.

[*Exit.*

Bos. Here's an Example for Exhortation ; what Moisture is
Drawn out of the Sea ; when foul Weather comes, pours down,
And runs into the Sea again.

" *Dutch.* I would know what are your Opinions,
" Of this *Antonio*.

" 2 *Off.* He could not abide to see a Pig's Head gaping.

" I thought your Grace would find him a Jew.

" 3 *Off.* I would you had been Officer, for your own sake.

" 4 *Off.* You would have had more Mony.

" 1 *Off.* He stop'd his Ears with Black Wool ; and to those came
" To him for Mony, said he was thick of Hearing.

" 2 *Off.*

" 2 Off. Some said he was an Hermaphrodite,
For he could not abide a Woman.

" 4 Off. How scurvy Proud would he look, when the Treasury
Was full: Well, let him go.

" 1 Off. Yes, and the Chippings of the Buttery flye after him,
To scowre his Gold Chain.

" Dutch. Leave us. What do you think of these? [Exit Servants.]

" Bos. That these are Rogues; that in's Prosperity,
But to have waited on his Fortune, cou'd have with'd
His dirry Stirrop rivetted through their Noses;
And follow'd after's Mule, like a Bear in a Ring;
Would have prostituted their Daughters to his Lust;
Made their First-born Intelligencers; thought none happy
But such as were born under his Planet,
And wore his Livery; and do these Lice drop off now?
Well, never look to have the like again;
He hath left a sort of flattering Rogues behind him,
Their doom must follow: Princes pay Flatterers
In their own Mony; Flatterers dissemble their Vices,
And they dissemble their Lies, that's Justice.

Alas, poor Gentleman!

Dutch. Poor? He hath amply fill'd his Coffers.

Bos. Sure he was too honest. " Pluto the God of Riches,

" When he is sent, by Jupiter, to any Man,
He goes limping, to signify that Wealth
That comes on God's Name, comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the Devil's Errand, he rides Post, and comes in by Scuttles.

Let me shew you, what a most unvalu'd Jewel

You have, in a wanton Humour, thrown away,

To bless the Man shall find him: He was an excellent

Courtier, and most Faithful;

Both his Vertue and Form, deserv'd a far better Fortune;

His Discourse rather delighted to Judge it self, than Shew it self;

His Breast was fill'd with all Perfection,

And yet it seem'd a private Whispering-room,

It made so little Noise on't.

Dutch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make your self a mercenary Herald,

Rather to examine Mens Pedigrees, than Vertues?

You shall want him; for know, an honest States-man to a Prince,

Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring;
 The Spring bathes the Tree's Root, the grateful Tree.
 Rewards it with his Shadow; you have not done so:
 Fare thee well *Antonio*. Since the Malice of the World
 Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
 That any Ill happened unto thee, considering thy Fall
 Was accompanied with Vertue.

Dutch. Oh, you render me excellent Musick. *Bos.* Madam?

Dutch. This good one that you speak of, is my Husband.

Bos. Do I not dream? can this ambitious Age
 Have so much Goodness in't, as to prefer true Merit
 To Wealth and painted Honours? possible!

Dutch. I have had three Children by him.

Bos. Fortunate Lady,

For you have made your private Nuptial Bed,
 The humble and fair Seminary of Peace:
 No question, but many an unbenefic'd Scholar
 Shall pray for you for this Deed, and rejoyce
 That some Preferment in the World can yet
 Arise from Merit. " The Virgins of your Land,
 " That have no Dowries, shall hope your Example
 " Will raise them to rich Husbands: Shou'd you want
 " Soldiers, 'twould make the very *Turks* and *Moors*
 " Turn Christians, and serve you for this Act.
 " Last, the neglected Poets of your time,
 " In honour of this Trophy of a Man,
 " Rais'd by that curious Engine, your white Hand,
 " Shall thank you in your Grave for't; and make that
 " More reverend than all the Cabinets
 " Of living Princes. For *Antonio*,
 " His Fame shall likewise flow, from many a Pen,
 " When Heralds shall want Coats to sell to Men.

Dutch. As I taste Comfort in this friendly Speech,
 So would I find Concealment.

Bos. O the Secret of my Prince,
 Which I will wear on th' inside of my Heart.

Dutch. You shall take charge of all my Coin, and Jewels,
 And follow him, for he retires himself
 To *Ancona*.

Bos. So.

Dutch. Whither, within few Days,

I mean to follow thee.

Bos. Let me think.

I would wish your Grace to feign a Pilgrimage
To our Lady of *Loretto*, scarce seven Leagues
From fair *Ancona*, so may you depart
Your Country with more Honour, and your Flight
Will seem a Princely progress, retaining
Your usual Train about you.

Dutch. Sir, your direction

Shall lead me by the hand. *Car.* In my Opinion,

She were better Progress to the Baths

At *Lucca*, or go to visit the *Spaw*

In *Germany*: for, if you will believe me,

I do not like this jesting with Religion,

This feigned Pilgrimage.

Dutch. Thou art a superstitious Fool;

Prepare us instantly for our departure:

Past Sorrows let us moderately lament 'em

For those to come, seek wisely to prevent 'em. [*Ex. Dutch. and Car.*

Bos. A Polititian is the Devils quilted Anvil.

He fashions all Sins on him, and the blows

Are never heard: He may work in a Ladies Chamber,

As here for proof. What rests, but I reveal

All to my Lord. Oh this base Quality

Of Intelligencers. VVhy? every Quality i'th' VVorld

Prefers, but Gain or Commendation:

Now for this Act, I am certain to be rais'd,

And Men that paint Weeds, to the Life, are prais'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENA III.

Enter Cardinal, Malateste, Ferdinand, Delio, Silvio, Pescara,

Card. Must we turn Soldiers then? *Mal.* The Emperour,
Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd
This Reverend Habit, joyns you in Commission
With the most Fortunate Soldier, the Marquess of *Pescara*,
And the Famous *Lanoy*. *Card.* He that had the Honour
Of taking the *French King* Prisoner?

Mal. The same:

Here's a Plat drawn for a new Fortification

At *Naples*. *Ferd.* This great Count *Malateste*, I perceive,

Hath

Hath got Employment.

Del. No Employment, my Lord,
A Marginal Note in the Muster-book, that he is

A voluntary Lord.

Ferd. He's no Soldier.

Enter Bosola.

Pes. *Bosola* arriv'd what should be the Business ?

Some falling out amongst the Cardinals.

These Factions amongst great Men, are like

Foxes, when their Heads are divided

They carry Fire in their Tails, and all the Country

About them goes to rack for't.

Sil. What's that *Bosola* ?

Del. I knew him in *Padua*, a fantastical Scholar,

Like such, who study to know how many Knots was in

Hercules Club, of what colour *Achilles's* Beard was,

Or whether *Hector* were not troubled with the Tooth-ach.

He had studied himself half blear-ey'd to know the

True Symetry of *Cæsar's* Nose by a shooin' horn, and this

He did to gain the name of a Speculative Man.

Pes. Mark Prince *Ferdinand*,

A very Salamander lives in's Eye,

To mock the eager violence of Fire.

Sil. That Cardinal hath made more bad Faces with his Oppression,

Than ever *Michael Angelo* made good ones ;

He lifts up's Nose like a foul Perpu's before a Storm.

Pes. The Lord *Ferdinand* laughs,

Del. Like a deadly Cannon,

That lightens ere it smoaks.

Pes. These are your true pangs of Death,

The pangs of Life that struggle with great States men.

Del. In such a deformed Silence, Witches whisper their Charms.

Card. Doth she make Religion her Riding-hood

To keep her from the Sun and Tempest ?

Ferd. That, that Damns Her ! Methinks her fault, and

Beauty blended together, shew like a Leprosie,

The Whiter, the Fouler : I make it a Question,

Whether her Beggarly Brats were ever Christn'd.

Card. I will instantly solícite the State of *Ancona*.

To have them banish'd.

Ferd. You are for *Loretto* ?

A Slave, that only smell'd of Ink and Counters,

And ne're in's Life look'd like a Gentleman,

But

But in Audit-time; Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our Horse,
And meet me at the Fort-bridge.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA IV.

Enter *Antonio, Dutcheſs, Children, Cariola, Servants.*

Dutch. Banish'd *Ancona*?
Lightens in great Mens Breath.
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. Yes, you ſee what Power

Dutch. Is all our Train

Ant. Theſe are poor Men,
VVhich have got little in your Service, vow
To take your Fortune: But your fatter Buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

Dutch. They have done wiſely.
This puts me in mind of Death, Phyſicians, thus,
VVith their Hands full of Mony, uſe to give o're
Their Patients.

Ant. Right the Faſhion of the VVorld.
From decay'd Fortunes, every Flatterer ſhrinks,
Men ceaſe to build, where the Foundation ſinks.

Dutch. I had a very ſtrange Dream to Night.

Ant. VVhat waſ't?

Dutch. Methought I wore my Coronet of State,
'And on a ſudden all the Diamonds
VVere chang'd to Pearls.

Ant. My Interpretation
Is, you'll weep ſhortly; for to me, the Pearls
Do ſignifie your Tears.

Dutch. The Birds that live i'th Field
On the wild Benefit of Nature, live
Happier than we; for they may chuſe their Mates,
And carrol their ſweet Pleaſures to the Spring.

Enter *Bofola* with a Letter

Bof. You are happily o'er-ta'en.

Dutch. From my Brother?

Bof. Yes, from the Lord *Ferdinand*, your Brother,
All Love and Safety,
Would'ſt make it white. See, ſee; like to calm Weather
At Sea, before a Tempeſt: falſe Hearts ſpeak fair

To thoſe they intend moſt Miſchief,

(tick Equivocation

[Reads] *Send Antonio to me, I want his Head in a Buſineſs:* (a poli.

He doth not want your Counſel, but your Head;

That is, he cannot ſleep till you be Dead.

And

And here's another Pitfal that's strew'd o're

VVith Roses : mark it, 'tis a cunning one.

I stand engaged for your Husband, for several Debts at Naples : let not that trouble him. I had rather have his Heart than his Mony.

And I believe so too.

Bos. VVhat do you believe ?

Dutch. That he distrusts my Husbands Love,
He will by no means believe his Heart is with him,
Until he see it : The Devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in Riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free League,
Of Amity and Love which I present you ?

Dutch. Their League is like that of some politick Kings,
Only to make themselves of Strength and Power
To be our after ruin : tell them so.

Bos. And what from you ?

Ant. Thus tell him ; I will not come.

My Brothers have dispersed
Blood-hounds abroad ; which till I hear are muzzel'd,
No Truce, tho' hatch'd with ne're such politick Skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our Enemies VVill,
I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaims your Breeding.
Every small thing draws a base Mind to fear,
As the Adamant draws Iron : Fare you well, Sir,
You shall shortly hear from's.

[*Exit.*

Dutch. I suspect some Ambush :
Therefore by all my Love I do conjure you.
To take your eldest Son, and fly towards *Milan* ;
Let us not venture all this poor remainder in one unlucky Bottom.

Ant. Yov counsel safely :
Best of my Life, farewell. Since we must part,
" Heaven hath a hand in't ; but no otherwise,
" Then as some curious Artist takes in sunder
" A Clock, or VVatch, when it is out of Frame, to bring't
In better Order.

Dutch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you : Farewel Boy,
Thou art happy, that thou hast not Understanding
To know thy Misery : " For all our VVit and
" Reading brings us to a truer sense of Sorrow :
" In the eternal Church, Sir, I do hope we shall not part thus.
" Oh, be of Comfort,

" Make

" Make Patience a noble Fortitude :
 " And think not how unkindly we are us'd ;
 " Man, like to *Cassia*, is prov'd best, being bruise'd.
 " *Dutch.* Must I, like to a slave-born Ruffian,
 " Account it Praise to suffer Tyranny ? and yet
 " O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in't. I have seen
 " My little Boy oft scourge his Top, and compar'd
 " My self to't : Nought made me e're go right,
 " But Heaven's Scourge-stick. *Ant.* Do not weep :

Heaven fashio'd us of nothing : and we strive
 To bring our selves to nothing.

If I never see thee more,
 Be a good Mother to your little Ones,
 And save them from the Tiger. Fare you well.

Dutch. Let me look upon you once more, for that Speech
 Came from a dying Father ; your Kiss is colder
 Than that I have seen an holy Anchorite
 Give to a dead Man's Skull.

Ant. My Heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of Lead,
 With which I sound my Danger : fare you well.

[Exit.

Dutch: My Laurel is all withered.

Car. Look, Madam, what a Troop of armed Men
 Make toward us.

Enter Bosola with Guard, disguis'd.

Dutch. O, they are very welcome.
 When Fortune's Wheel is over-charg'd, with Princes,
 The Weight makes it move swift. I would have my Ruin
 Be sudden : I am your Adventure, am I not ?

Bos. You are, you must see your Husband no more.

Dutch. What Devil art thou, that counterfeits Heaven's Thunder ?

Bos. Is that terrible ? I would have you tell me
 Whether is that Note worse that frights the silly Birds
 Out of the Corn, or that which doth allure them
 To the Nets ? You have hearkned to the last too much.

Dutch. O misery ! Come, to what Prison ?

Bos. To none.

Dutch. Whither then ?

Bos. To your Palace.

Dutch. I have heard that *Charons* Boat serves to convey
 All o're the dismal Lake, but brings none back again

Bos. Your Brothers mean you Safety and Pity.

Dutch. Pity !

G

Bos.

Bos. These are your Children?

Dutch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle?

Dutch. No.

But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,

Curses shall be their first Language.

Bos. Fye, Madam;

Forget this base low Fellow.

Dutch. Were I a Man, I'd

Beat that counterfeit Face into thy other.

Bos. One of no Birth.

Dutch. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own Actions
Be Arguments and Examples of his Vertue;

Bos. A barren, beggarly Vertue.

Dutch. I Prithee who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad Tales besit my Woe : I'll tell you one.

" A Salmon, as she swam into the Sea,

" Met with a Dog-fish, who encounters her

" With this rough Language : Why art thou so bold

" To mix thy self with our high state of Floods,

" Being no eminent Courtier, but one

" That for the calmest, and freshest time o'th year

" Dost live in shallow Rivers, rank'st thy self

" With silly Smelts and Shrimps? - and darest thou

" Pass by our Dog-ship, without Reverence?

" O, quoth the Salmon, Sister, be at Peace;

" Thank *Jupiter*, We have both past the Net,

" Our Value never can be truly known,

" Till in the Fishers Basket we be shown.

" I'th Market then my price may be the higher,

" Even when I am nearest to the Cook and Fire.

" So, to Great Men, the Moral may be stretched :

Men of't are valu'd high, when th' are most wretched.

But come, whither you please; I am arm'd 'gainst Misery

Bent to all sways of the Oppressors Will.

There's no deep Valley, but near some great Hill.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Ferdinand, Bosola.

Ferd. **H**ow doth our Sister Dutchess bear her self
In her Imprisonment.

Bos. Nobly : I'll describe her.

You

She's sad, as one us'd to't : and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of Misery,
Than shun it : a Behaviour so noble,
As gives a Majesty to Adversity :
You may discern the shape of Loveliness
More perfect in her Tears than in her Smiles.
She will muse four Hours together; and her Silence,
Methinks, expresses more, than if she spake.

Ferd. Her Melancholy seems to be fortified with a strange Disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so; and this Restraint,
" Like *English* Mastiffs, that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend those
Pleasures she's kept from.

Ferd. I will no longer study in the Book
Of another's Heart; inform her what I told you.

[*Exit.*

Enter Dutchess.

Bos. All Comfort to your Grace. *Dutch.* I will have none,
Prithee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned Pills
In Gold and Sugar.

Bos. Your elder Brother, the Lord *Ferdinand*,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn Vow
Never to see you more; he comes i'th Night :
And prays you, gently, neither Torch nor Taper
Shine in your Chamber, he will kiss your Hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his Vow,
He dares not see you.

Dutch. At his pleasure.

Take hence the Lights, he's come.

Enter Duke.

Ferd. Where are you?

Dutch. Here Sir.

Ferd. This Darkness suits you well.

Dutch. I would ask your Pardon. *Ferd.* You have it;
For I account it the honourablest Revenge,
Where I may kill to pardon. Where are your Cubs?

Dutch. Whom? *Ferd.* Call them your Children;
For though our national Law, distinguish Bastards
From true legitimate Issue : Compassionate Nature
Makes them all equal.

Dutch. Do you visit me for this?

You violate a Ceremony oth' Church
 Shall make you howl in Hell for't, *Ferd.* It had been well,
 Could you have Liv'd thus always : for indeed
 You were too much i'th' Light : But no more,
 I come to Seal my Peace with you : heres a Hand,
[Gives her a Dead Mans hand.]

To which you have vow'd much Love : the Ring upon't
 You gave. *Dutch.* I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd. Pray do : and Bury the Print of it in your Heart.
 I will leave this Ring with you, for a Love Token :
 And the Hand, as sure as the Ring : and do not doubt
 But you shall have the Heart too : when you need a Friend
 Send it to him that ow'd it : you shall see
 Whether he can aid you. *Dutch.* You are very Cold,
 I fear you are not well after your Travel :

Hah? Lights : Oh Horrible ! *Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Ex.*
Enter Bosola.

Dutch. What Witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
 A Dead Mans Hand here ? — *Here is discover'd,*
the Artificial Figures of Antonio, and his Children appearing as if
they were Dead.

Bos. Look you : here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'ne ;
 He doth present you this sad Spectacle,
 That now you may, wisely, cease to grieve
 For that which cannot be recover'd.

Dutch. There is not between Heaven and Earth, one VVish
 I stay for after this : It wastes me more
 Than were't my Picture, Fashion'd out of VVax,
 Stuck with a Magical Needle, and then Buried
 In some foul Dunghil ; and yond's an excellent property
 For a Tyrant, which I would account Mercy.

Bos. What's that ?

Dutch. If they would bind me to that lifeless Trunk,
 And let me Freeze to Death. *Bos.* Come you must live

Dutch. That's the greatest Torture Souls feel in Hell,
 In Hell, that they must Live, and cannot Dye.

Portia, I'll new kindle thy Coals again,
 And Revive the Rare, and almost Dead example
 Of a Loving VVife.

Bos.

Bos. O fye despair? remember
You are a Christian. *Dutch.* The Church enjoyns fasting:
I'll starve my self to Death.

Bos. Leave this vain Sorrow;
Things being at the worst, begin to mend:
The Bee when he hath Shot his Sting into your Hand,
May then play with your Eye-lid.

Dutch. Good Comfortable Fellow,
Perswade a Wretch that's broke upon the Wheel
To have all his Bones new set: Entreat him live
To be Executed again. Who must dispatch me?

Bos. Come, be of comfort, I will save your Life.

Dutch. Indeed! have not leisure to 'tend so small a business.

Bos. Now, by my Life, I pity you.

Dutch. Thou art a Fool then,
To wast thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity it self. I am full of Daggers.
Puff; let me blow these Vipers from me:

Enter *Servant*.

What are you? *Ser.* One that wishes you long Life.

Dutch. Wou'd thou wert hang'd for the horrible Curse
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of Pity. I'll go pray; No,
I'll go Curse. *Bos.* Oh fye.

Dutch. I could Curse the Stars. *Bos.* Oh fearful.

Dutch. And those three smiling seasons of the Year
Into a *Russian* Winter: nay the World
To its first Chaos. " *Bos.* Look you, the Stars shine still.

" *Dutch.* Oh, but you must remember my Curse hath a great way
" Plagues, that make Lanes through largest families, [to go.
Consume them. *Bos.* Fye Lady.

" *Dutch.* Let them like Tyrants

" Never be remembred, but for the Ill they have done?

" Let all the zealous Prayers of mortified

" Church-Men forget them.

Bos. O uncharitable!

" *Dutch.* Let Heaven a little while cease Crowning Martyrs,
" To punish them. Go, howl them this: and say I long to bleed;
It is some Mercy when Men kill with speed.

Exit.

Enter

Enter *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish: she's plagu'd by Art.
These presentations are but fram'd in VVax,
And she takes them
For true substantial Bodies.

Bos. VVhy do you do this?

Ferd. To bring her to despair. *Bos.* Faith, and here,
And go no farther in your Cruelty,
Send her a Penitential Garment to put on
Next to her Delicate Skin, and furnish her
VVith Beads, and Prayer-Books.

Ferd. Damn her; that Body of hers,
While that my Blood ran pure in't, was more worth,
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a Soul.
I will send her Masques of Curtizans,
Have her Meat serv'd up by Bauds and Ruffians,
And 'cause she'l needs be Mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the Common Hospital
All the Mad-Folk, and place them near her Lodging:
There let them practice together, Sing and Dance,
And act their Gambols to the full o'th' Moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her:

Your work is almost ended. *Bos.* Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes. *Bos.* Never. *Ferd.* You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape,
That's forfeited by my intelligence,
And this last Cruelty: when you send me next,
The Business shall be Comfort. *Ferd.* Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. *Antonio*
Lurks about *Millan*, thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a Fire as great as my Revenge,

*Which we're will Slack, till it have spent it's Fuel:
Intemperate Agues, make Physicians Cruel.*

Exeunt.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Enter Dutcheſs, Cariola.

Dutch. What Hideous Noiſe was that?

Car. 'Tis the wild Conſort

Of Mad-Men, Lady, which your Tyrant Brother
Hath plac'd about your Lodging: This Tyranny,
I think was never practis'd till this Hour.

Dutch. Indeed I thank him: Nothing but Noiſe and Folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas Reason
And Silence, make me ſtark Mad: Sit down
Diſcourſe to me ſome Diſmal Tragedy.

Car. O 'twill increaſe your Melancholy.

Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd;
To hear of greater Grief, would leſſen mine:
This is a Priſon? *Car.* Yes, but you ſhall Live
To ſhake this Durance off. *Dutch.* Thou art a Fool,
The Robin Red-Breaſt and the Nightingal,
Never Live long in Cages. *Car.* Pray dry your Eyes.
What think you of, Madam? *Dutch.* Of nothing:
When I Muſe thus, I Sleep.

Car. Mad man like, with your Eyes open.

Dutch. How now!
What Noiſe is that?

Enter Servant.

Ser. I am come to tell you,
Your Brother hath intended you ſome ſport:
A great Phyſician, when the Pope was Sick
Of a deep Melancholy, preſented him
With ſeveral ſorts of Mad-Men, which wild object,
Being full of Change and Sport, forc'd him to Laugh.
And ſo th' Impoſthume broke: the ſelf ſame Cure
The Duke intends on you. *Dutch.* Let 'em come in.

Enter Mad-Man.

Serv. There's a Mad Lawyer; and a Secular Prieſt;
A Doct'or that hath Forfeited his Wits
By Jealouſie. A *French* Prophet,
That, ſuch a Day o'th' Month

Should be the Day of Doom; and failing of t,
 Ran Mad. An English Taylor, Craiz'd i'th' Brain,
 With the Study of new Fashions. A Gentleman Usher,
 Quite beside himself, with care to keep in mind
 The Number of his Ladies Salutations,
 Or *how d'ye's*, she employ'd him in each Morning.
 A Farmer too, an excellent Knave in Grain,
 Mad, 'cause he was hindred Transportation;
 And let one Broker, that's Mad, loose to these,
 You'd think the Devil were among them.

Dutch. Sit *Cariola*; let them loose when you please,
 For I am Chain'd to endure all your Tyranny.

*Here, by a Mad-Man, this Song is Sung, to a dismal
 kind of Musick.*

O let us howl some heavy Note,
 some deadly Dogged howl,
 Sounding, as from the threatening Throat
 of Beasts, and fatal Fowl.
 As Ravens, Screech Owls, Bulls, and Bares,
 we'll Bell and Bawl our parts,
 Till Irk some Noise have Cloy'd your Ears,
 and Corrosiv'd your Hearts.
 At last when as our Choir wants Breath,
 our Bodies being Blest,
 We'll Sing like Swans to welcome Death,
 and Die in Love, and Rest.

Astro. Doomes-Day not come yet? I'll draw it nearer by a
 perspective, or make a Glass that shall set all the World on Fire
 in an instant: I cannot Sleep, my Pillow is Stuft with a litter of
 Porcupines.

Taylor. Hell is a meer Glass-House, where the Devils are continu-
 ally blowing up Mens Souls on Hollow Irons, and the Fire ne-
 ver goes out.

Priest. I will lie with every Woman in my Parish the tenth night:
 I will Tythe them over like Hay-Cocks.

Doct. Shall my Pothecary out-gome, because I am a Cuckold?
 I have found out his Roguery: he makes Allom of his Wives Urine,
 and sells it to Puritans that have sore Throats with over-strain-
 ing

Astro.

Astrol. I have skill in Heraldry. *Tayl.* Has't.

Astrol. You do give for your Crest a Wood-Cocks Head, with the Brains pickt out on't; you are a very Ancient Gentleman.

Priest. Greek is turn'd Turk, we are only to be saved by the Helvetian Translation.

Astrol. Come on Sir, I will lay the Law to you.

Taylor. Oh, rather lay a Corrosive, the Law will Eat to the Bone.

Priest. He that Drinks but to satisfy Nature, is Damn'd.

Doct. If I had my Glass here, I would shew a sight should make all the Women here, call me Mad-Doctor.

Tayl. VVoe to the Coach, that brought Home my VVife from the Masque at Three a Clock in the Morning, it had a large Feather-Bed in it.

Doct. I have par'd the Devils Nails Forty times, Roasted them in Ravens Eggs, and Cur'd Agues with them.

Priest. Get me Three Hundred Milch Bats, to make possets to procure Sleep.

Doct. All the Colledg may throw their Caps at me, I have made a Soap-Boylers Costive, it was my Master-Piece;

Here is a Dance of Mad-Men, with Musick Answerable thereunto; after which, Bosola, like an Old Bell-Man, Enters.

Bos. I am come to make thy Tomb.

Dutch. Hah! my Tomb?

Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my Death-Bed,
Gasping for Breath: dost thou perceive me Sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy Sickness is insensible.

Dutch. Thou art not Mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes. *Dutch.* Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a Box of Worm-Seed; at best, but a Salvatory of Green Mummy. What's this Flesh, a little Curded Milk, Fantastical Puff-Paste; our Bodies are Weaker than those Paper-Prisons, Boys use to keep Flyes in; more Contemprible, since ours is to preserve Earth-Worms. Didst thou never see a Lark in a Cage? such is the Soul in the Body; this VVorld is like her little Turt of Grass, and the Heaven o're our Heads, like her Looking Glass, only gives us a Miserable knowledg of the small Compass of our Prison.

Dutch. Am not I thy Dutcheß?

Bos. Thou art some great Woman sure, for Riot begins to sit on thy Fore-Head, Clad in Gray Hairs, Twenty Years sooner than on

a 'Merry Milk-Maids'. Thou sleep'st worse than if a Mouse should be forc'd to take up his Lodging in a Cats Ear : A little Infant that Breeds it's Teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet Bed-Fellow.

Dutch. I am Dutchess of *Malsy* still.

Bos. That makes thy Sleep so broken :
Glories, like Glow-VVorms, a far off, shine bright;
But look'd on near, have neither Heat nor Light.

Dutch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My Trade is to flatter the Dead, not the Living.
I am a Tomb-Maker.

Dutch. And thou can'st to make my Tomb?

Bos. Yes, *Dutch.* Let me be a little Merry,
Of what Stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first of what Fashion?

Dutch. VVhy, do we grow Fantastical in our Death-Bed?
Do we affect Fashion in the Grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously : Princes Images on their Tombs
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to Heaven; but with their Hands under their Cheeks,
As if they Died of the Tooth-Ach. They are not carv'd;
With their Eyes fix'd upon the Stars; but as their
Minds were wholly bent upon the World,
The self-same way they seem to turn their Faces.

Dutch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy Dismal Preparation:
This is Talk fit for a Charnel?

Bos. Now I shall.

Here is a present from your Princely Brothers,

[A Coffin, brought in.]

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last Benefit, last Sorrow.

Dutch. Let me see it,
I have so much Obedience in my Blood,
I wish it in their Veins to do them Good.

Bos. This is your last Presence-Chamber.

Car. O my sweet Lady! *Dutch.* Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the Common Bell-Man,
That usually is sent to Condemn'd Persons
The Night before they suffer.

Dutch. I, now thou said'st
Thou

Thou wast a Tomb-Maker? Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to Mortification: Listen.

[Rings his Bell.]

Hark, now every thing is still,
The Skrieck Owl, and the Whistler shrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of Land and Rent,
Your length in Clay's now Competent.
A long War disturb'd your Mind,
Here your perfect Peace is sign'd.
Of what is't Fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their Conception, their Birth weeping:
Their life a General mist of Error.
Their Death, a Hideous Storm of Terror,
Strew your Hair with Powders Sweet,
Do'n clean Linnen, bath your Feet,
And, the foul Fiend more to Check,
A Crucifix let Bless your Neck,
'Tis now full Tide, 'tween Night and Day,
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence Villians, Tyrants, Murderers: alas!
What will you do with my Lady? call for help.

Dutch. To whom, to our next Neighbours? they are Mad-Folks.

Bos. Remove that Noise. Dutch. Farewel Cariola.

In my last VVill, I have not much to give,
A many Hungry Guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion. Car. I will Die with her.

Dutch. I Prithee look thou giv'st my little Boy
Some Syrrup for his Cold, and let the Girl [Car. is for c'doff.
Say her Prayers ere she Sleep. Now what you please:

VVhat Death? Bos. Strangling, here are your Executioners.

Dutch. I forgive them:

The Apoplexie, Catarrh or Cough o'th' Lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not Death fright you?

Dutch. VVho would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent Company
In th' other VVorld? Bos. Yet methinks,

The Manner of your Death should much afflict you;
 This Cord should terrifie you? *Dutch.* Not at all;
 VVhat would it pleasure me to have my Throat cut
 VVith Diamonds? or to be smothered
 With Cassia? or to be Shot to Death with Pearls?

Tell my Brothers,

That I perceive Death, now I am well awake,

Best gift is they can give, or I can take :

I would fain put off my last VVomans fault,

I'd not be tedious to you. *Exec.* We are ready.

Dutch. Dispose my Breath how please you, but my Body
 Bestow upon my Women, will you? *Exec.* Yes.

Dutch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able Strength,
 Must pull down Heaven upon me :

Yet stay, Heaven Gates are not so highly Arch'd

As Princely Palaces, they that enter there,

[*She Kneels.*]

Must go upon their Knees : Come violent Death,

Serve for *Mandragora*, to make me Sleep ;

Go tell my Brothers, when I am laid out

They then may feed in quiet.

[*They Strangle her.*]

Bos. Where's the VVaiting-Woman ;
 Fetch her : Some other Strangle the Children :
 Look you, there Sleeps your Mistriss.

Enter Cariola.

Car. Oh thou art Damn'd
 Perpetually for this : My turn is next,

Is't not so order'd? *Bos.* Yes, I am Glad

You are so well prepar'd for't. *Car.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,

I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,

I will come to my Tryal ; and know

How I have Offended.

Bos. Come dispatch her :

You kept Her Counsel, now you shall keep Ours.

Car. I will not die, I must not, I am Contracted
 To a Young Gentleman.

Exec. Here's your Wedding Ring.

Car. Let me but speak with the Duke ; I'll discover
 Treason to his Person. *Bos.* Delays : Throttle her.

Exec.

Exec. She Bites and Scratches. *Car.* If you Kill me now,
I am Damn'd : I have not been at Confession
This two Years. *Bos.* When?

Car. I am quick with Child. *Bos.* VVhy then,
Your Credit's sav'd : bear her into the next Room.

Enter Ferdinand.

Let this lie still. *Ferd.* Is she Dead? *Bos.* She is what
You'd have her : " But here begin your Pity :

" Alas, how have these offended? *Ferd.* The Death

[*Shews the Children strangled.*

" Of Young VVolves, is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your Eye here, *Ferd.* Constantly.

Bos. Do you not VVeep?

Other Sins only speak ; Murder shrieks out.

The Element of Water moistens the Earth,

But Blood flies upwards, and bedews the Heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face ; mine Eyes Dazle. She died young.

Bos. I think not so : her infelicity Seem'd to have Years too many.

Ferd. She and I were Twins :

And shou'd I die this Instant, I had liv'd her time to a Minute.

Bos. It seems she was Born first :

You have Bloodily approv'd the Ancient truth,

That Kindred commonly do worse agree

Than remote Strangers. *Ferd.* Let me see her Face again ;

Why didst not thou Pity her? What an excellent

Honest Man mightst thou have been

If thou hadst born her to some sanctuary ;

Or bold in a good cause, oppos'd thy self

VVith thy advanced Sword above thy Head,

Between her Innocence, and my Revenge.

I bid thee, when I was distracted of my VVits,

Go kill my Dearest Friend, and thou hast don't.

For let me but examin well the cause ;

What was the meanness of her Match to me?

Only I must confess I had a hope,

Had she continu'd VVidow, to have gain'd

An Infinite Mass of Treasure by her Death :

And what was the main cause? her Marriage,

That drew a stream of Gall quite through my

Heart ; for thee, as we observe in Tragedies

That a good Actor many times is Curs'd

For

For playing a Villains part : I hate thee for't, and
For my Sake, say thou hast done much Ill ; well.

Bos. Let me quicken your Memory, for I
Perceive you are falling into Ingratitude ; I
Challenge the Reward due to my Service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee, what I'll give thee. *Bos.* Do.

Ferd. I'll give thee a Pardon for this Murther.

Bos. Ha ?

Ferd. Yes, and 'tis

The largest Bounty I can study to do thee.

By what Authority didst thou execute

This bloody Service.

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine ? was I her Judge ?

Did any Ceremonial form of Law,

Doom her to not being ? Did a compleat Jury

Deliver her Conviction up i'th Court ?

Where shalt thou find this Judgment registred,

Unless in Hell ? See ; like a bloody Fool

Th' hast forfeited thy Life, and thou shalt Die for't.

Bos. The Office of Justice is perverted quite,
When one Theif hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this ?

Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee ;

The Wolf shall find her Grave, and scrape it up,

Not to devour the Corps, but to discover

The horrid Murther.

Bos. You, not I shall quake for't.

Ferd. Leave me.

Bos. I will first receive my Pension.

Ferd. You are a Villain.

Bos. When your Ingratitude

Is Judge, I am so.

Ferd. O Horror !

That not the Fear of him, who binds the Devils,

Can prescribe Man Obedience.

Never look upon me more.

Bos. Why, fare thee well :

Your Brother, and your self, are worthy Men ;

You have a pair of Hearts are hollow Graves,

Rotten, and rotting others ; and your Vengeance,

Like to chain'd Bullets, still goes Arm in Arm.

You may be Brothers : For Treason, like the Plague,

Doth take much in a Blood. I stand like one

That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden Dream.

I am angry with my self now, that I wake.

Ferd.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' World,
That I may never see thee. *Bos.* Let me know

Wherefore I should be thus neglected? Sir,
I serv'd your Tyranny, and rather strove,
To satisfy your self, than all the World;
And though I loath'd the Evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it, and rather sought,
To appear a true Servant, than an honest Man.

Ferd. I'll go hunt the Badger by Owl-light:
'Tis a deed of Darkness.

[Exit.

Bos. He's much distracted: Off my painted Honour;
While with vain Hopes, our Faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in Ice, and freeze in Fire.
What would I do, were this do again?
I would not change my Peace of Conscience
For all the Wealth of Europe. She stirs; here's Life:
Return, fair Soul, from Darkens, and lead mine
Out of this sensible Hell: She's warm, she breathes:
Upon thy pale Lips I will melt my Heart,
To store them with fresh Colour: Who's there?
Some Cordial-drink: Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity: Her Eye opens,
And Heaven in it seems to open, that late was shut,
To take me up to Mercy. *Dutch. Antonio.*

Bos. Yes, Madam, he is living,
The dead Bodies you saw, were but feign'd Statues;
He's reconciled to your Brothers: The Pope hath wrought
The Atonement. *Dutch. Mercy.* [She dies.

Bos. Oh, she's gone again; there the Cords of Life broke:
Oh, sacred Innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On Turtles Feathers; whilst a guilty Conscience
Is a black Register, wherein is writ
All our good Deeds, and bad; a perspective
That shews us Hell; that we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it:
This is Manly Sorrow:
These Tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my Mother's Milk.
Where, were,
These penitent Fountains, while she was living?

Oh,

Oh, they were frozen up. Here's a Sight,
 As direful to my Soul, as is the Sword
 Unto a Wretch that hath slain his Father:
 Come, I'll bear thee hence,
 And execute thy Will; that's deliver
 Thy Body to the reverend dispose
 Of some good Women: That the cruel Tyrant
 Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to *Millan*,
 Where somewhat I will put in Act,
 Worth my Dejection.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Antonio, and Delio.

Ant. **W**Hat think you of my hope of Reconcilement
 To the *Arragonian* Brothers? *Del.* I misdoubt it;
 For though they have sent their Letters of safe Conduct
 For your repair to *Millan*, they appear
 But Nets to entrap you: The Marquis of *Pescara*,
 Under whom you hold certain Lands in *Escheat*,
 Much 'gainst his noble Nature, hath been mov'd
 To seize those Lands, and some of his Dependants
 Are at this Instant making it their Suit
 To be invested in your Revenues;
 I cannot think, they mean well to your Life,
 That do deprive you of your means of Life,
 Your Living.

Ant. You are still an Heretick
 To any Safety I can shape my self.

Del. Here comes the Marquis: I will make my self
 Petitioner for some part of your Land,
 To know whether it is flying.

Ant. I pray do.

Enter Pescara.

Del. Sir, I have Suit to you.

Pes. To me.

Del. An easie one:

There is the Cittadel of *St. Bennet*,
 With some Demeanes, of late in the Possession
 Of *Antonio Bologna*, please you bestow them on me?

Pes. You are my Friend; but this is such a Suit,

Nor

Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take. *Del.* No Sir?

Pef. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soon in private: Here's the Cardinals Mistriss.

Enter *Julia*.

Jul. My Lord I am grown your poor Petitioner,
And should be an ill Beggar, had I not
A Great Mans Letter here, the Cardinal's,
To Court you in my Favour.

Pef. He Entreats for you
The Cittadel of St. Bennet, that belong'd
To the Banish'd *Bologna*. *Jul.* Yes.

Pef. I could not have thought of a Friend I wou'd
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours. *Jul.* Sir, I thank you:
And he shall know how doubly I am Engag'd
Both in your Gift, and speediness of giving,
Which makes your Grant the greater.

[Exit.

Ant. How they fortifie
Themselves with my Ruine? *Del.* Sir I am
Little bound to you. *Pef.* Why?

Del. because you denied this Suit to me, and gav't
To such a Creature. *Pef.* Do you know what it was?
It was *Antonio's* Land: not forfeited
By course of Law; but Ravish'd from his Throat
By the Cardinal's Entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my Friend: 'tis a Gratification
Only due to a Strumpet; for it is Injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure Blood of Innocents
To make those Followers, I call my Friends,
Look Ruddier upon me? I am glad
This Land, ta'ne from the owner by such VVrong
Returns again unto so foul a use,
As Salary for his Lust. Learn, good *Delio*,
To ask Noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a Nobler giver. *Del.* You instruct me well.

Ant. Why here's a Man now, would fright
Impudence from sawciest Beggars.

Pef. Prince *Ferdinand's* come to *Millan*
Sick, as they give out. of an Apoplexy:

But some say, 'tis a Frenzy; I am going to visit him.

Ex.

Ant. 'Tis a Noble Old Fellow:

Del. What Course do you mean to take, *Antonio?*

Ant. This Night, I mean to venture all my Fortune,
Which is no more than a poor lingring Life,
To the Cardinal's worst of Malice: I have got
Private Access to his Chamber; and I intend
To visit him about the mid of Night,
As once his Brother did our Noble Dutchess.
It may be that the sudden Apprehension
Of danger, for I'll go in mine own shape,
When he shall see it Fraight with Love and Duty,
May draw the Poison out of him, and Work
A Friendly Reconcilement; if it fail,
Yet it shall Rid me of this infamous calling,
For better fall once, than be to ever falling.

Del. I'll second you in all Danger: and, howe're,
My Life keeps Rank with yours.

Ant. You are still my lov'd and best Friend.

Exeunt.

SCENA II:

Enter Pescara, Doctor.

Pes. Now Doctor, may I visit your Patient?

Doct. If it please your Lordship: but he's instantly
To take the Air here in the Gallery by my Direction.

Pes. Prithce, what's his Disease?

Doct. A very Pestilent Disease, my Lord,
They call *Lycanthropia*. *Pes.* What's that?
I need a Dictionary to't. *Doct.* I'll tell you:
In those that are possess'd with't, there o'reflows
Such Melancholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be Transformed into Wolves,
Steal forth to Church-yards in the Dead of Night,
And Dig Dead Bodies up: as two Nights since
One met the Duke 'bout Mid-night in a Lane
Behind St. Mark's Church, with the Leg of a Man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully,
Said he was a VVoolf, only the difference

VVas,

Was, a Wolves Skin is Hairy on the out-side,
His on the inside : bad them take their Swords,
Rip up his Flesh, and try : straight I was sent for,
And having Minister'd unto him, found his Grace
Very well recover'd. *Pes.* I am glad on't.

Doct. Yet not without some fear
Of a Relapse, if
They'l give me leave, I'll buffet his Madnes out of him.

Enter *Ferdinand, Malatesta, Cardinal, Bosola.*
Stand aside, he comes. *Ferd.* leave me.

Mal. VVhy does your Lordship use this Solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone : They are Crows, Dawes, and
Starlings that flock together : Look what's that
Follows me? *Mal.* Nothing my Lord.

Ferd. Yes. *Mal.* 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the Sun shine.

Ferd. I will Throttle it [throws himself on the Ground.

Mal. Oh, my Lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a Fool :

How is't possible I should Catch my shadow,
Unless I fall upon't? When I go to Hell,
I mean to carry a Bribe: for look you,
Good Gifts evermore make way for the worst Persons.

Pes. Rise good my Lord.

Ferd. I am studying the Art of Patience.

Pes. 'Tis a Noble Vertue.

Ferd. To drive six Snails before me, from this Town
To *Mosco*; neither use Goad, nor Whip to them,
But let them take their own time: the patient st Man i'th World
Match me for an Experiment, and I'll Crawle after
Like a Sheep-biter. *Card.* Force him up.

Ferd. Use me well, you were best :

VVhat I have done, I have done : I'll confess nothing.

Doct. Now let me come to him : Are you Mad
My Lord? are you out of your Princely VVits?

Ferd. What's he? *Pes.* Your Doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his Beard saw'd off, And his Eye-

Browes fil'd more Civil.

Doct. I must do Mad tricks with him,
For that's the only way on't. I have brought
Your Grace a Salamanders Skin, to keep you
From Sunburning. *Ferd.* I have Cruel fore Eyes.

Doct. The white of a Cockatrices Egg is present Remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you are best.
Hide me from him ; Physicians are like Kings,
They brook no Contradiction.

Doct. Now he begins to fear me,
Now let me alone with him.

[puts off his four Cloaksons after another.]

Doct. Let me have some forty Urinals fill'd with Rose-Water.
He, and I'll go pelt one another with them
Now he begins to fear me. Can you fetch a Frisk Sir?
Let him go, let him go upon my Peril:
I find by his Eye, he stands in awe of me,
I'll make him as Tame as a Dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch your Frisks, Sir? I will stamp him into a
Flea off his Skin, to cover one of the Anatomies. Cullice:
This Rogue hath set i'th' Cold yonder, in Barber-Chyrurgeons-Hall.
Hence, hence, you are all of you like Beasts for sacrifice.

[Throws the Doctor down and beats him.]

There's nothing left of you, but Tongue and Belly,
Flattery and Leachery.

[Exit.]

Pef. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

Doct. True, I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal Judgment
Hath fall'n upon this *Ferdinand*.

Pef. Knows your Grace
What Accident hath brought unto the Prince
This strange Distraction?

Card. I must feign somewhat : Thus they say it grew,
You have heard it rumour'd for these many years,
None of our Family dies, but there is seen
The shape of an Old Woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have been murther'd
By her Nephews, for her Riches: such a figure
One Night, as the Prince sat up late at's Book,
Appear'd to him, when Crying out for help,

The Gentleman of's Chamber, found his Grace
All on a cold Sweat, alter'd much in Face
And Language : Since which Apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We'll leave your Grace,
Wishing to the sick Prince, our noble Lord,
All Health of Mind and Body.

[*Exeunt, manent Card. and Bos.*]

Card. You are most welcome.
Are you come? So. This Fellow must not know
By any means I had Intelligence
In our Sister's Death: For tho' I counsel'd it,
The full of all th' Agreement seem'd to grow
From *Ferdinand*: Now, Sir, how fares our Sister?
Why do you look so wildly?
Oh, the Fortune of your Master here, the Prince,
Dejects you; but be you of happy Comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me, I'll intreat,
Though he had a cold-Tombstone over his Bones,
I'd make you what you'd be.

Bos. Any thing,
Give it me in a Breath, and let me fly to't:
They that think long, small Expedition win,
For musing much o'th' End, cannot Begin,

Enter Julia.

Jul. Sir, will you come into Supper?

Card. I am busie, leave me.

Jul. What an excellent shape hath that Fellow?

[*Exit.*]

Card. 'Tis thus: *Antonio* lurks here in *Millan*,
Enquire him out and Kill him: While he lives,
Our Sister cannot Marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent Match for her; do this, and stile me
Thy Advancement.

Bos. By what means shall I find him out?

Card. There's a Gentleman call'd *Delio*
Here in the Camp, that hath been long approv'd
His loyal Friend. Set Eye upon that Fellow.

Or

Or else go enquire out
Delio's Confessor, and see if you can bribe
 Him to reveal it : there are a thousand ways
 A Man might find to trace him.

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i'th' Business,
 I would see that wretched thing, *Antonio*,
 Above all Sights i'th' World.

Card. Do, and be happy.

[*Exit.*

Bos. This Fellow doth breed Basilisks in's Eyes,
 He's nothing else but Murder ; yet he seems
 Not to have notice of the Dutchess's Death :
 'Tis his Cunning : I must follow his Example.
 There cannot be a surer way to trace,
 Than that of an old Fox.

Enter Julia.

Jul. So, Sir, you are well met. *Bos.* How now?

Jul. Nay, the Doors are fast enough :
 Now Sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

Bos. Treachery ? *Jul.* Yes, confess to me
 Which of my Women 'twas you hir'd, to put
 Love-powder into my Drink ?

Bos. Love-powder ?

Jul. Yes, when I was at *Malsy*,
 Why should I fall in love with such a Face else ?
 I have already suffered for thee so much Pain :
 The only Remedy to do me good,
 Is to kill my Longing.

Bos. Know you me ? I am a blunt Soldier.

Jul. The better ;
 Sure, there wants Fire where there are no lively sparks
 Of Roughness.

Bos. And I want Complement.

Jul. Why, Ignorance in Courtship cannot make you do Amiss,
 If you have a Heart to do Well.

Bos. You are very Fair.

Jul. Nay, if you lay Beauty to my Charge,
 I must plead not Guilty. *Bos.* Your bright Eyes
 Carry a Quiver of Darts in them, sharper
 Than Sun-beams.

Jul. You will mar me with Commendation,

Put

Put your self to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you.

Bos. I have it, I will work upon this Creature.
Let us grow most amorously familiar;
If the great Cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a Villain?

Jul. No, he might count me Wanton,
Not lay a scruple of Offence on you:
We that are great Women of Pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertain Wishes, and unquiet Longings,
And in an instant, join the sweet Delight
And the pretty Excuse together. Had you been i'th' Street
I should have courted you.

Bos. Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

Jul. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To express I Love you.

Bos. I will, and if you love me, fail not to effect it.
The Cardinal is grown wondrous Melancholy;
Demand the Cause, let him not put you off,
With feign'd Excuse, discover the main Ground on't.

Jul. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fal'n in some Disgrace
With the Emperor; if he be, like the Mice
That forsake falling Houses, I would shift
To other Dependance.

Jul. You shall not need follow the Wars,
I'll be your Maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyal Servant,
But I cannot leave my Calling. *Jul.* Not leave an
Ungrateful General, for the Love of a sweet Lady?
You are like some, cannot sleep in Feather-beds,
But must have Blocks for their Pillows.

Bos. Will you do this?

Jul. Cunningly.

Bos. To morrow I'll expect the Intelligence.

Jul. To morrow; get you into my Cabinet,
You shall have it with you: Do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my Pardon promis'd.

But

But I would see it seal'd. Go get you in,
You shall see me wind my Tongue about his Heart,
Like a skain of Silk.

[Exit Bosola.]

Enter Cardinal.

Car. Where are youall?

Ser. Here.

Car. Let none, upon your Lives,
Have Conference with Prince *Ferdinand*,
Unless I know it: In this Distraction
He may reveal the Murther.
Yond's my lingring Consumption:
I am weary of her; and by any means
Would be quit off her.

Jul. How now, my Lord?
What ails you?

Car. Nothing.

Jul. Oh, you are much altered; what's the matter?

Car. I may not tell you.

Jul. You are so far in love with Sorrow,
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your Grace, when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a Secret to your Heart
These many Winters, cannot be the same
Unto your Tongue?

Card. Satisfie thy Longing,
The only way to make thee keep my Counsel,
Is not tell to thee.

Jul. Tell your Eccho this,
"Or Flatterers, that, like Ecchoes, still report
"What they hear, though most imperfect, and not me:
For, if that you are true to your self,
I'll know.

Card. Will you Rack me?

Jul. No, Judgment shall
Draw it from you: it is an equal Fault,
To tell ones Secrets unto All, or None.

Card. The first argues Folly.

Jul. But the last Tyranny.

Card. Very well? why imagin I have committed
Some secret Deed, which I desire the World
May never hear of.

Jul. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a Sin

As

As Adultery : Sir, I beseech you,
For perfect trial of my Constancy
Till now, Sir I beseech you.

Card. You'll repent it.

Jul. Never.

Card. It hurries thee to Ruin : I'll not tell thee,
Be well advis'd, and think what Danger 'tis
To receive a Prince's Secrets ; they that do,
Had need have their Breasts hoop'd with Adamant
To contain them : " I prithee yet be satisfy'd,
" Examine thine own Frailty, 'tis more easie
" To tie Knots, than unloose them : Tis a Secret,
That, like a lingering Poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy Veins, and kill thee seven Years hence.

Jul. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more, thou shalt know it.

By my Appointment, the great Dutchess of Malsy,
And two of her young Children, four Nights since
Were strangled.

Jul. Oh Heaven ! Sir, what have you done ?

Card. How now ? how settles this ? think you your
Bosom will be a Grave, dark and obscure enough
For such a Secret ?

Jul. You have undone your self, Sir.

Card. Why ?

Jul. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Card. No ? come, I will swear you to't upon this Book.

Jul. Most Religiously.

Card. Kifs it.

Now you shall never utter it, thy Curiosity
Hath undone thee : thou art poison'd with that Book.
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my Counsel,
I have bound thee to't by Death.

Enter Bosola.

Bos. For pity sake, hold.

Card. Ha ! Bosola ?

Jul. I forgive you,

This equal piece of Justice you have done :
For I betray'd your Counsel to that Fellow,
He over-heard it ; that was the Cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.

Bos. Oh, foolish Woman !

K

Couldst

Couldst not thou have poison'd him?

Bos. 'Tis Weakness,

Too much to think what should have been done ;

I go, I know not whither.

[Dies

Card. Wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great Man, like your self,
Not out of his Wits, as the Lord *Ferdinand*,
To remember my Service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not your self such a promise of that Life,
Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here?

Bos. Her Lust, as she intended.

Card. Very well, now you know me for your Fellow-murderer.

Eos. And wherefore should you lay fair Marble Colours
Upon your rotten Purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great Treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th Graves
Of those were Actors in't. *Card.* No more,
There is a Fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue a Fortune any longer?
'Tis the Fool's Pilgrimage.

Card. I have Honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are many ways that conduct to seeming
Honour, and some of them very dirty ones.

Card. Throw to the Devil

Thy Melancholy, the Fire burns well,
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A great Smoother? thou wilt kill *Antonio*?

Bos. Yes.

Card. Take up that Body.

Bos. I think I shall

Shortly grow the common Bier for Church-yards?

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of Attendants,
To aid thee in the Murther.

Bos. Oh, by no means,

Let me have no Train when I go to shed Blood,
Lest it make me have a greater when I ride to the Gallows.

Card. Come to me after Midnight, to help to remove that Body
To her own Lodging: I'll give out she died o'th Plague?
'Twill breed the less Enquiry after Death.

Bos.

Bos. Where's *Castrucchio* her Husband ?

Card. He's rode to *Naples* to take possession
Of *Antonio's* Citadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.

Card. Fail not to come : There is the Master-key
Of our Lodgings ; and by that you may conceive
What Trust I plant in you.

Bos. You shall find me ready.

Oh, poor *Antonio*, though nothing be so needful
To thy Estate, as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous :

How this Man

Bears up in Blood ? seems fearless ? why, 'tis well :

I'll seek thee out ; and all my Care shall be

To put thee into Safety from the reach

Of these most cruel Biters, that have got

Some of thy Blood already. It may be,

I'll join with thee, in a most just Revenge.

The weakest Arm is strong enough, that strikes

With the Sword of Justice.

Still methinks the Dutcheſs

Haunts me. There, there ; i'ts nothing but my Melancholy.

O Penitence ! let me truly taste thy Cup,

That throws Men down, only to raise them up.

Exit.

[*Starts.*

Exit.

S C E N A III.

Antonio, Delio. Eccho [from the Dutcheſs's Grave.]

Del. That's the Cardinals Window : This Fortification
Grew from the Ruins of an ancient Abbey :
And to yond side o'th River, lies a Wall,
Piece of a Cloyſter, which in my Opinion,
Gives the best Eccho that you ever heard ;
So Hollow, and so Dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our Words,
That many have suppos'd it is a Spirit
That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient Ruins ;
We never tread upon them, but we set

Cur

Our Foot upon some reverend History ;
 And questionless, here in this open Court,
 Which now lies naked to the Injuries
 Of stormy Weather ; Some lie Interr'd,
 Lov'd the Church so well, and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopied their Bones
 Till Dooms-day ; but all things have their end :
 Churches and Cities, which have Diseases like to Men,
 Must have like Death that we have.

Eccho. Like Death that we have.

Del. Now the *Eccho* hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave

A very deadly Accent.

Ecc. Deadly Accent.

Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one : You may make it
 A Hunts-man, or a Faulconer, a Musician,
 Or a thing of Sorrow.

Ecc. A thing of Sorrow.

Ant. I sure, that suits it best.

Ecc. That suits it best.

Ant. 'Tis very like my Wife's voice.

Ecc. I, Wife's Voice.

Del. Come, let's walk farther from't :

I would not have you go to the *Cardinal's* to Night :
 Do not.

Ecc. Do not.

Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting Sorrow,
 Than Time : Take Time for't, be mindful of thy Safety.

Ecc. Be mindful of thy Safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me ;

Make scrutiny throughout the passages
 Of your own Life, you'll find it impossible
 To flie your Fate.

Ecc. O flie your Fate.

Del. Hark ! the dead Stones seem to have pity on you,
 And give you good Counsel.

Ant. *Eccho*, I will not talk with thee ;

For thou art a dead Thing.

Ecc. Thou art a dead Thing.

Ant. My Dutchess is asleep now,
 And her little ones, I hope sweetly. Oh Heaven,

Shall

Shall I never see her more?

Eccho. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one Repetition of the *Eccho*,
But that; and on the sudden, a clear light
Presented me a Face folded in Sorrow.

Del. Your Fancy meerly.

Ant. Come: I'll be out of this Ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to Live:
It is Mockery and abuse of Life.
I will not henceforth save my self by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.

Del. Your own Vertue save you:
I'll fetch your Eldest Son, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his own Blood
Spread into so sweet a Figure, may beget
The more Compassion.
However fare you well:
Though in our Miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet in our Noble Sufferings she hath none;
Contempt of Pain, That we may call our own.

[*Exe*

SCENA IV.

Enter Cardinal, Malateste, Pescara,

Card. You shall not watch to Night by the Sick Prince,
His Grace is very well Recover'd,

Mal. Good my Lord suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no means:
The Noise, and Change of Object in his Eye,
Doth more Distract him: I pray all to Bed,
And though you hear him in his Violent Fit,
Do not Rise, I intreat you.

Pes. So Sir; we shall not.

Card. Nay I must have you promise
Upon your Honours, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himself; and he seem'd to Urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our Honours bind this Trifle.

Card. Nor any of your Followers

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be to make Tryal of your promise,

When

When he's asleep, my self will Rise, and feign
Some of his Mad Tricks, and cry out for help
And feign my self in Danger.

Mal. If your Throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I h've protested against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

[*Exeant.*]

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my Brother, is, because at Midnight
I may with better privacy Convey
Julia's Body to her own Lodgings: Oh, my Conscience!
I would pray now; but the Devil takes away my Heart
For having any Confidence in Prayer.

About this Hour, I appointed *Bosola*
To fetch the Body: when he hath serv'd my turn,

Bos. Hah? 'twas the Cardinals voice: I heard him name
Bosola, and my Death; hift, I hear one's footing.
He dies.

Exit.

Enter Bosola, Ferdinand.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet Death.

Bos. Nay then I must stand upon my Guard.

Ferd. What say you to that? whisper softly: do you agree to't?
So it must be done i'th' dark: the Cardinal

Would not for a Thousand Pounds the Doctor should see it. [*Exit.*]

Bos. My Death is plotted; here's the consequence of Murder.

Enter Servant, and Antonio.

Serv. Here stay, Sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark Lanthorn.

Exit.

Ant. Cou'd I take him at his Prayers,
There were hope of Pardon.

Bos. Fall right my Sword:
I'll not give you so much leisure as to Pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone: Thou hath ended a long suit
In a Minute.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have this benefit in Death,
To appear my self.

Enter

Enter Servant with a Light.

Serv. Where are you, Sir?

Ant. Very near my Home: *Bosola?*

Serv. Oh misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art Dead else: *Antonio?*
The Man I would have sav'd 'bove my own Life!

Oh good *Antonio*,

I'll whisper one thing in thy dying Ear,
Shall make thy Heart break quickly: Thy fair Dutches
And two sweet Children —

Ant. Their very Names
Kindle a little Life in me,

Bos. Are Murdered!

Ant. Some Men have wisht to Die
At the hearing of sad Tidings: I am glad
That I shall do't in sadness: I would not now
With my Wounds Balm'd, nor Heal'd: for I have no use
To put my Life to: In all our quest of Greatness,
Like wanton Boyes, whose Pastime is their care
We follow after Bubbles blown i'th' air.
Pleasure of Life what is't? only the good hours
Of an Ague: meerly a preparitive to Rest,
To endure vexation: I do not ask
The proceß of my Death: only commend me
To *Delio*.

Bos. Break Heart:

Ant. And let my Son fly the Courts of Princes.

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd *Antonio*.

Serv. I brought him hither,
To have Reconcil'd him with the Cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thy own Life,
And bear him where the Lady *Julia*
Was wont to Lodg: Oh, my fate moves swift.
I have this Cardinal in the Forge already,
Now I'll bring him to th' Hammer:

Exeunt.

SCENA

SCENA V.

Enter Cardinal, with a Book.

Card. I am puzzel'd in a Question about Hell:
 He says, in Hell there's one material Fire,
 And yet it shall not burn all Men alike.
 Lay him by. How tedious is a Guilty Conscience?
 VVhen I look into the Fish-pond, in my Garden,
 Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a Rake,
 That seems to strike at me. Now? art thou come? thou look'st
 There sits in thy face some great determination, (ghastly;
 Mix'd with some Fear.

Enter Bosola.

Bos. I am come to kill thee.
 Thus it lightens into Action:
Card. Hah? help: our Guard?
Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:
 They are out of thy howling.
Card. Hold: I will faithfully divide
 Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy Prayers and Proffers
 Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the Watch: we are betray'd.

Bos. I have confin'd your flight:
 I'll suffer your retreat to *Julia's* Chamber,
 But no farther.

Card. Help: we are betray'd. *Mal.* Listen!

Enter Malatesta, Roderigo, Pescara, above.

Card. My Dukedom for a rescue.

Rod. Eye upon this Counterfeiting.

Mal. Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.

Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:

But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll go down to him.

Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted: I am lost
 Unless some rescue.

Rod. He doth this pretty well:

But

But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine Honour.

Card. The Sword's at my Throat:

Rod. You would not baul so loud then.

(hand.

Mal. Come, come, let's go to Bed: he told us thus much afore-

Pesc. He wish'd you should not come at him: but believ't,

The Accent of the voice, sounds not in jest.

I'll down to him, however, and with Engines

Force open the Doors.

Rod. Let's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

(door

Bos. There's for you first: 'cause you shall not unbarracade the
To let in rescue.

He kills the Servant.

Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my Life?

Bos. Look there. *Card.* Antonio?

Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly:

Pray, and be sudden: when thou killd'st thy Sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal Balance,

And left her nought but the Sword,

Card. O mercy!

Bos. Now it seems thy Greatness was only outward?

For thou fall'st faster of thy self, than Calamity

Can drive thee: I'll not waste longer time: There.

Stabs him.

Car. Thou hast hurt me.

Bos. Again.

Card. Shall I die like a Leveret,

Without any resistance? help, help, help:

I am Slain.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Th' alarm? give me a fresh Horse:

Rally the Van-Guard, or the day is lost:

Yield, yield: I give you the Honour of Arms,

Shake my Sword over you, will you yield?

Card. Help me, I am your Brother.

Ferd. The Devil?

My Brothers fight upon the adverse Party.

Wound

He wounds the Cardinal, and in the scuffle, gives Bosola his Deaths

There flies your ransom.

Card. Oh Justice!

I suffer now, for what hath former been:

Sorrow hath reacht the eldest Child of Sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave Fellows:

Cæsar's Fortune was harder than *Pompey's*;

L

Cæsar

Cæsar died in the Arms of Prosperity,
Pompey at the Feet of Disgrace : You both died in the Field ; the
 Pain's nothing : Pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the Tooth ach with the sight of a Barber that comes to pull it out. There's Philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my Revenge is perfect : sink, thou main Cause
 Of my undoing ; the last part of my Life
 Hath done me best Service.

[*He kills Ferdinand.*]

Fer. Give me some wet Hay, I am broken-winded,
 I do account this World but a Dog-kennel :
 I will vault Credit and affect high Pleasures.

Bos. He seems to come to himself now he's so near the Bottom.

Ferd. My Sister ! oh ! my Sister ! there's the Cause on't.
 Whether we fall by Ambition, Blood, or Lust,
 Like Diamonds, we are cut with our own Dust.

Card. Thou hast thy Payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary Soul in my Teeth,
 'Tis ready to part from me : I do glory
 That thou, which stood'st like a huge Pyramid
 Begun upon a large and ample Base,
 Shalt end in a little Point, a kind of nothing.

Enter Pescara, &c.

Pesc. How, now my Lord ? How comes this ?

Bos. Revenge, for the Dutchess of *Malfy* murder'd
 By the *Arragonian* Brethren : For *Antonio*,
 Slain by this Hand : For lustful *Julia*,
 Poison'd by this Man : And lastly, for my self,
 That was an Actor in the main of all,
 Much against mine own good Nature, yet i'th' end
 Neglected.

Card. Look to my Brother :
 He gave us these large Wounds, as we were struggling
 Here i'th' Rushes : And now, I pray, let me
 Be laid by, and never thought of : Oh ?

[*Dies*]

Pesc. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
 His own Rescue ?

Mal. Thou wretched thing of Blood,
 How came *Antonio* by his Death ?

Bos. In a Mist : I know not how :

Such

The Unnatural Brothers.

Such a Mistake as I have often seen

In a Play : Oh, I am gone ;

“ We are only dead Walls, or vaulted Graves,

“ That ruin'd, yields no Eccho : Fare you well.

“ It may be Pain, but no harm to me to die.

“ In so good a Quarrel : Oh, this gloomy World !

“ In what a Shadow or deep Pit of Darkness,

“ Doth womanish and fearful, Mankind live !

“ Let worthy Minds ne'er stagger in Distrust,

“ To suffer Death or Shame for what is Just,

“ Mine is another Voyage.

(Dies.)

Pes. The Noble *Delio*, as I came to th' Palace,
Told me of *Antonio's* being here, and shew'd me
A pretty Gentleman, his Son and Heir.

Enter Delio.

Mal. Oh Sir, you come too late.

Del. I heard so, and

Was arm'd for't ere I came : Let us make noble use

Of this great Ruin, and join all our Force

To establish this young hopeful Gentleman

In's Mother's Right. “ These wretched eminent Things

“ Leave no more Fame behind 'em, than should one

“ Fall in a Frost, and leave his print in Snow,

“ As soon as the Sun shines, it ever melts

“ Both Form and Matter : I have ever thought

Nature doth nothing so great, for great Men,

As when she's pleas'd to make them Lords of Truth.

Integrity of Life, is Fame's best Friend,

Which nobly, beyond Death, shall crown the End.

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